

THE ACADEMY

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ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN, Albemarle Street, W. This day (Saturday), April 1, at three o'clock, the Right Hon. Lord Rayleigh, O.M., D.C.L., LL.D., Sc.D., F.R.S., Professor of Natural Philosophy, R.I., first of three Lectures on "Some Controverted Questions of Optics." Half a guinea the Course. Tuesday next, April 4, at five o'clock, Perceval Landon, Esq., first of two Lectures on "Tibet." Half a guinea. Thursday, April 6, at five o'clock, Professor R. Meldola, F.R.S., M.R.I., first of two Lectures on "Synthetic Chemistry" (Experimental). Half a guinea. Subscription to all Courses in the Season, two guineas.

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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF WALES, ABERYSTWYTH. The Council invites Applications for the Post of WARDEN of the Alexandra Hall of Residence for Women Students in succession to Miss E. A. Carpenter. Applications and 70 copies of Testimonials to be sent by May 10 to the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained.—T.F. ROBERTS, Principal.

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JOHN MURRAY,
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THE LITERARY WEEK

It is interesting to remember that it was in England that Hans Andersen was first allowed to realise how great a man he was. He came here in 1847, stayed at a hotel in Leicester Square, and prowled from that centre as the lion of a London season, being welcomed with equal cordiality at Gadshill and Marlborough House. "Here," he wrote to a friend at Copenhagen, "I am regarded as a Danish Walter Scott, while in Denmark I am degraded into a sort of third-class author far below Hertz the classical and Heiberg the infallible." And now more will wonder, than know, what these Hertz the classical and Heiberg the infallible ever wrote.

For all his popularity, Hans Andersen was very badly remunerated for his work. From the first instalment of "The Improvisatore," he only derived £19, paid in instalments after repeated dunning. He told this to Dickens, who was incredulous. "You mean £19 the printer's sheet, I suppose?" said he. "No, £19 for the whole work," Andersen replied. "We misunderstand each other," Dickens insisted. "You don't mean to tell me that you only got £19 for 'The Improvisatore'; you must mean that you were paid for it at the rate of £19 per sheet?" Again Andersen contradicted him, and Dickens threw up his hands in amazement. "It would be incredible," he said, "if I did not hear it from your own lips." And Andersen, telling the story, adds: "It is a fact that my translator (Mrs. Howitt) got more than I, the author, did."

The wealth of English publishers was another thing which excited Andersen's remark. He stayed with Richard Bentley, who no doubt "did him well," at Sevenoaks. "He has a nice residence," he wrote to his Copenhagen friend, "with such elegance. Lackeys in silk stockings wait upon us—there's something like a bookseller for you."

The Melchior family, with whom Hans Andersen spent his last years have assisted in the publication of an interesting portfolio containing photographs of his humble birthplace in the Danish provincial town of Odense, numerous portraits of the writer, and photographs of his scissor-pictures. In these scissor-pictures he took as much pleasure as the children to whom he presented them. They show fantastic elves and goblins and animals, and are usually signed in his queer crabbed handwriting. Andersen was a strange, peevish, vain, yet lovable creature. His vanity was perhaps his most salient characteristic. He was photographed scores of times in every position and costume, and he never wearied of new presentments of his strong but unhandsome features. His whims were legion.

He had a morbid horror of being buried alive and always set a slip of paper by his bedside bearing the words: "Seg er skindød" (I am in a trance). His hosts often found him an exacting guest, but his little failings were easily pardoned for the sake of his genius and his childlike nature.

Some extracts from an English letter written by Andersen to a friend in New York are quaint and interesting. The letter was probably revised by a friend, for Andersen's command of English was not so great. The letter is dated "Copenhagen, 24 of March 1868," and runs:

My Dear Sir! Excellent friend! You and your noble lady have not forgotten me, I am sure of that, and as one of my friends, Mr. Melchior, whose lovely family I visit nearly every day, is starting for New York. I can't omit to send you and yours my warmest compliments. I am, thank God, still well and youthful in mind. I have been travelling every year, in France, in Switzerland, Spain and Portugal to refresh my mind, thus refreshed return home bringing with me new tales and stories, that fly all over the world. God has been so good towards me, that I am obliged to put the question to myself: What have I done to deserve all the good that befalls me? You will no doubt have read in the *New York Times* some months ago, how beautiful my native town Odense has honoured me, by electing me to citizen of honour in the town. . . . Sending my kindest regard to you, to your lady, and to every one who has room in their heart for me, I remain, yours for ever,

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

"To Mr. Spring, Esq."

Jules Verne's first dramatic success, though not his first play, was the adaptation of *Round the World in eighty days*. Cadol proposed to adapt it, but could not make a piece that satisfied him. "There is only one man who might be able to do it," he said, "and that is d'Ennery." So d'Ennery was called in, and the drama was produced at the Porte Saint Martin in 1874. "Is it a success?" Jules Verne modestly ventured to ask. "A success? It is a fortune," was the reply. It had a run in fact of four hundred nights, was frequently revived, and earned in all about £120,000 for the theatre. *Michel Strogoff*, produced in 1880, was hardly less successful. The profits divided amounted to not less than £56,000.

The comparison, which has been drawn in these columns, between the newspapers and weekly reviews of the sixties and those of to-day reminds a correspondent of a stately essay on the Press, published in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1823. The writer is convinced that the historian of journalism has no cause to be *laudator temporis acti*. "Let any one," he says, "who may be disposed to disparage modern intellect and modern letters, look over a file of old newspapers . . . and compare the poverty, the meanness, the want of style and matter in their original paragraphs, with the amplitude, the strength, the point and terseness which characterise the leading journals of the day, and he will perhaps qualify the harshness of his censure." This was written five years before the birth of the *Spectator*, and the papers which aroused the essayist's enthusiasm must have been the *Times*, the defunct *Morning Chronicle*, and probably the *Observer*. His approval, however, is not unqualified, for in the same article he says, in a style which is worthy of the early quarterlies: "Literature was formerly a sweet heremitess who fed on the pure breath of fame in silence and solitude; modern literature, on the contrary is a gay coquette, fluttering, fickle and vain." The characteristics of the popular novel and the cheap press have evidently changed little in eighty years; but if by literature the writer means literary journalism, as he apparently does by the context, we fear that his ideal is impracticable. For the part of "heremitess" private means are essential.

A well-known novelist has recently protested against the inconsistency with which a daily paper treats his fiction alternately with scorn and praise. The matter may be explained as follows. While a novelist is building up his reputation, his works seldom fall in the way of the severest critics, who have a prejudice against what they are pleased

to consider unprofitable reading, and are able, within limits, to pick and choose the books that they will review. Consequently these novels are allotted to the younger reviewers, who are often disposed to take Macaulay's genial view that there is no such thing as a bad novel, though some novels are better than o'hers. In due course, however, when the novelist has made something of a name, the critic with the higher standards does come to the consideration of his case—either because the reputation has aroused his curiosity, or because an editor has decided that the time has come for weighing that reputation in the balance. And then the case of the novelist is like that of a passman entering for one of the University prizes. New criteria are applied to his performances, and the consequences are not invariably agreeable to him.

A correspondent writes to a contemporary asking how it is that part of a story appearing in a volume by Wilkie Collins occurs also in "The Lazy Tom and Two Idle Apprentices" which—he goes on to say—is given in the Gadshill Edition of Charles Dickens's works without any word on the part of the editor, Mr. Andrew Lang, as to Dickens having had a collaborator. The "Lazy Tom" was certainly written in collaboration by Dickens and Wilkie Collins, and so successfully that Dickens himself said of one story in it:

"I think you would find it very difficult to say where I leave off and he comes in."

It would be impossible to separate the work of the two now, unless there should be a marked copy in existence in which one of them had already done so, and that is little likely. The descriptive passages, according to the late Mr. F. G. Kitton's "The Dickens Country" were mostly the work of Boz.

Yesterday, Friday, March 31, it was just half a century since the last of a remarkable family quartet passed away on the death of Charlotte Brontë—who had nine months earlier become Mrs. Nicholls. At the time of Charlotte Brontë's death it was fully recognised that she was one of those writers in whose personal history readers felt the greatest interest, and from that recognition sprang Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë." The passing of fifty years seems to have produced something of a cumulative interest in the Haworth household, justifying a remark of Mrs. Gaskell's in an unpublished letter written when she was engaged upon the biography: "I am sure the more fully she, Charlotte Brontë, the friend, the daughter, the sister, the wife, is known—and known where need be in her own words—the more highly will she be appreciated." In proof of this it would be easy to refer to perhaps a dozen works on the Brontës—of whom Charlotte is the most widely remembered—and their writings, and the spring announcements show that "Charlotte Brontë" is to be added at an early date to the Literary Lives Series. It is, perhaps, worthy of note that the English Men of Letters Series yet lacks a volume on the Brontës.

Unquestionably the co-operative History is in the forefront of literary modes. Like other fashions, its contemporary popularity appears to have spread from Paris. Lord Acton's great undertaking was anticipated by Lavisse and Rambaud, and the monumental "History of France," which M. Lavisse is guiding to completion, is only now to have its English pendent in the 12-volume "History of England," entrusted by Messrs. Longman to the editorship of the Rev. R. L. Hunt and Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole. The United States keeps in the movement with the twenty-eight volumes to be issued under the care of Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, of Harvard, under the catholic if cock-a-whoop title of "The American Nation." There is nothing in English at all comparable with the "History of French Literature," due to M. Petit de Julleville, or the "History

of the French Language," preparing under the supervision of M. Brunetière, but doubtless embryo counterparts are already germinating at the back of some enterprising publisher's brain.

On the other hand the "Oxford History of Music" has no match in the continental tongues, and Professor Bury's "Cambridge Mediæval History" stands, albeit *in nubibus*, still unchallenged. The German mind which has made the word *Handbuch* synonymous with co-operation in magistral yet meticulous marshalling of minute detail has not yet turned wholeheartedly from medicine and science to history, and the most notable German undertaking of this kind in progress is the not very exhaustive "Handbuch der Geschichte der Medizin," which has passed into the editorship of Dr. Max Neuburger and Professor Julius Pagel. In looking at the recent development of the co-operative History one tendency seems discernible. Where the collaborator of a decade ago was invited to contribute a chapter, his successor has an increasing chance of obtaining the ampler dignity and freer range of a volume all to himself.

George Outram, who was born one hundred years ago, was "probably the first in Scotland, since the days of Sir Richard Maitland, to turn the dry processes of law to poetic account." The quality of his verse the English reader must take largely on trust, for Outram was a congener of Lord Glenlee, who, though a "philosophical and abstracted gentleman," never used an English word when a Scotch one could be got. This is to be regretted, in Outram's case, because in ingenuity and fecundity of rhyme he would not degrade the company of Calverley or Owen Seaman. His best known piece is "the Annuity," the woful tale of an old lady annuitant, whose persistence in life threatened to bring ruin to the astute lawyer who sold her the annuity. In despair he contemplates her removal:

"I'd try a shot—but whar's the mark?
Her vital parts are hid frae me;
Her backbone wanders through her sark
In an unkenn'd corkscrewity.
She's palsified, an' shakes her head
Sae fast about ye scarce can see't;
It's past the power o' steel or lead
To settle her annuity."

Outram was born at Glasgow, but was educated in Edinburgh and called to the Bar there in 1827. After two years' practice he became editor of the *Glasgow Herald*, a post which he retained till his death in 1856. By far the greater part of his verse is concerned with legal subjects, the terminology of Scots law seeming to have a perennial fascination for his peculiar dry humour. After the fashion of the time Outram's verses were handed round in manuscript among a circle of friends which included lawyers and men of letters in Glasgow and Edinburgh. His "Legal and other Lyrics" were first printed privately in 1851, and subsequently were published in 1874.

A few years ago a controversy was carried on in the ACADEMY with reference to the authorship of an epigram "On hearing a Lady praise a certain Rev. Doctor's eyes":

"I cannot praise the Doctor's eyes,
I never saw his glance divine;
He always shuts them when he prays,
But when he preaches he shuts mine."

The lines were attributed to various writers, including the late James Crossley, of Manchester. The authorship had, indeed, been discussed in the *Manchester Quarterly* in 1884, and it was alleged that Mr. Crossley had never claimed the lines, which were found in a pocket-book belonging to him. They appear, however, in Outram's "Legal Lyrics," and probably represent the only work from his pen in which readers South of the Tweed have an understanding interest.

All over Germany preparations are being made to celebrate in worthy fashion the centenary of Schiller's death, which occurs in the May of this year. The Swabian Schiller Society announce the issue of Schiller's Poems and Plays in one volume, bound, for the price of one shilling. The first and second editions to appear respectively at the end of April and end of June, and consisting of about 60,000 copies, are already sold out; a third edition will be published at Christmas, and it is expected that the number will then be brought up to 100,000.

The Society for the Diffusion of Popular Culture has bought 1000 copies of "Wallenstein" for distribution among communities possessing small funds. The Swiss cantons have ordered 194,000 copies of "Wilhelm Tell" for distribution in the schools. Schiller Exhibitions are to be held in May, at Weimar, Munich and Vienna. The objects will include autographs, portraits, first editions and manuscripts. A Schiller memorial is to be erected in Nuremberg, and an inhabitant of the city, who desires to remain anonymous, has contributed £1000 towards its erection.

The widow of the well-known and lately deceased Leipzig bookseller, Otto Dürr, has presented his valuable Schiller Library, containing first editions of Schiller's works and books on Schiller, in all besides pamphlets about 400 volumes, to the University of Leipzig. They will be kept together and shown in the same room as that in which the Hirzel Goethe Library is. Pastor Burggraf, of Bremen, is giving a series of sermons on Schiller in his Church. He considers Schiller to be much more than a creator of æsthetic value. His whole work tends to uphold and carry on what the Reformation did for religious Germany: "Luther and Schiller, although men of such different temperaments, are one thought in the plan of Providence."

There will shortly appear from the pen of Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson, F.R.S., the distinguished surgeon, the volume entitled "Fish Eating and Leprosy," which was heralded in our columns some eighteen months ago. In it Mr. Hutchinson will maintain the thesis which he has defended *contra mundum* for some thirty years, that the consumption of fish is, in certain conditions, the cause of leprosy—a disease from which about one hundred thousand of our fellow subjects in India are always suffering. Another distinguished heterodox student, Dr. Charlton Bastian, F.R.S., is also about to undertake, for an important scientific series now being issued in America, a volume on the origin of life, concerning which he also has been at odds with the entire scientific world for some three decades. Whether these two workers be wrong or right in their respective contests with authority, their books will be welcome to those who agree with the dictum of Bacon that truth is more easily extricated from error than from confusion.

We notice with pleasure that the April number of the *Neues Deutsches Rundschau*, one of the most recent and most modern of German reviews, is announced to contain Mr. George Meredith's "Tales of Chloë," and "The Letters of Aubrey Beardsley." Even apart from its indication of the fact that Mr. Meredith is becoming more and more known in German literary circles, the inclusion of two translations from the English in one review is a welcome proof of the cosmopolitan spirit in literature.

It is interesting to notice, too, that the Browning Letters have recently been translated into German, that the Sonnets from the Portuguese are already in preparation, and that German versions of "Diana of the Crossways" and the "Egoist" have appeared within the last few months. Apropos of "Diana of the Crossways," the reader's undivided attention is ingeniously called to the theory which

identified the heroine with Lady Melbourne by its express denial on the blank page opposite the first chapter. In "The Egoist," the celebrated "and mark you he has a leg," has proven quite an insurmountable obstacle to one of German reviewers, who cites it ironically as a specimen of the novelist's peculiar view. Would the reviewer, I wonder, change his mind, if told that the point of the epigram lies in the paradox of the dignity, in this special case, inherent in what is in most cases an essentially undignified portion of the anatomy? The fact, however, that an edition of all the most important works of Mr. Meredith is announced would tend to show that the Germans are making great strides in their appreciation of English literature. Having taken the preparatory steps with Browning and Mr. Meredith, perhaps they will eventually finish with Mr. Henry James. The thought of a German translation of "The Wings of the Dove" or "The Golden Bowl" is certainly stimulating.

In England, as recent events have once more shown, we confine our efforts to be rid of the dramatic censorship to expressions of opinion in the press. In Germany they adopt more drastic measures. About two years ago a powerful agitation against the Prussian censorship came to a head. A representative meeting held under the auspices of several members of the Reichstag and such well-known literary figures as Sudermann, Fulda and Von Liszt resulted in the unanimous condemnation of the institution and the presentation of a petition to the Reichstag. The Report of the committee appointed to investigate the matter has quite recently been published.

It was perhaps only to be expected in so bureaucratic and conservative a State as Prussia that they should declare it inadvisable to alter the existing system. A further term of life is thereby given to a very pretty paradox; for each of the different States composing the German confederacy has its own separate censorship, so that a play prohibited in Berlin or Leipzig may be performed with impunity in Cologne or Stettin. In Würtemberg and Hamburg the censorship is non-existent, and the stage is as free as the press.

A propos of the rights and wrongs of the question the following quotation from the resolution passed at the meeting held on March 8, 1903, is illuminating: "The stage censorship shields those managers who endeavour to make capital out of the lowness of the public taste. If a play has once been passed by the censor, the manager is *ipso facto* exempt from all prosecution in the matter. The censorship in fact is the guardian not of morality but of immorality. What happens every day? On the one hand *risqué* importations from France are given the full official sanction, while on the other the public performance is prohibited of plays like Tolstoy's *Powers of Darkness*, Björnson's *Beyond our Strength* and Hauptmann's *Weavers*. It is not immorality which shocks the susceptibilities of the censor but that spirit of aspiration which is the result of deep moral emotion." The agitation may no doubt have failed to accomplish all that it would have desired, but that it has none the less borne fruit is evidenced by the fact that the censorial ban has been removed from Hauptmann's *Weavers*.

The news that the Committee of Ministers at Saint Petersburg has decided to abolish the existing regulations against the publication of the Bible in the Ruthenian (Little Russian) language will interest those who are acquainted with Russian ecclesiastical arrangements. There is no difficulty in Russia in obtaining a Bible, and copies of the New Testament lie on the stalls that so often stand outside the monasteries. Nor are any particular difficulties thrown in the way of the British Bible Society, which circulates, or is about to circulate, copies of the Scriptures in Lettish, Russian, Finnish, and Georgian. But

according to present arrangements only songs and folklore may be published in Little Russian. The hopelessness of the struggle, as far as the Russian Government is concerned, is obvious when we reflect that there are seven million Ruthenians in Austria, at liberty to print and speak what they please.

A contemporary lately gave some information concerning the unpublished fragments which will be included in M. Paul Meurice's definitive edition of the complete works of Victor Hugo. We may add that there is enough unpublished matter to fill four unpublished volumes; and that there is to be subjoined to each poem, romance, or play, a note upon its reception by the contemporary Press, with copious extracts from the contemporary reviews. We have once seen an edition of Byron with similar appendices, but the principle might well be applied in new editions of others of the masters. Some of the reviews which could be reproduced in such a case are of the most entertaining character. Of Gray's *Elegy*, for instance, the contemporary reviewer wrote: "The excellence of this little piece amply compensates for its lack of quantity." That and nothing more. Of "In Memoriam" again one contemporary estimate was to the effect that its "simple but touching verses" were evidently inspired by "the full heart of the widow of a military man"; while the publication of "Amelia" elicited from Griffiths of the *Monthly Review*—an indignant denunciation of that "flood of novels, tales, romances, and other monsters of the imagination, imitated from the French, whose literary levity we have not been ashamed to adopt."

LITERATURE

WIT AND FASHION

Notes from a Diary, 1896 to January 1901. By the Right Honourable Sir MOUNTSTUART E. GRANT DUFF. Two volumes. (Murray, 18s.)

THESE two volumes, ending as they do with the beginning of the reign of Edward VII., bring to a close the author's entertaining series of notes on his time. Though the practice of jotting down for immediate publication the conversations heard in private circles is not wholly to be admired, the result before us justifies what has been done. The author has lived among the most brilliant men of his day, but has retailed only what is unobjectionable in their conversation. His sympathies are very wide and yield him equal delight in a good story, a new scientific fact, and a fine piece of poetry. His is a tale mostly of visits and dinners and good stories. We open the book at random and come upon this:

"An officer at Aldershot, who was too fond of wine, at last attracted the unfavourable notice of the authorities and was put upon his trial. Among the witnesses called for the defence was his soldier servant, who deposed that upon a particular evening he had come in quite sober. On cross-examination the man was asked whether his master had said anything to him after he came in. 'Yes,' he replied; 'he told me to call him early.' 'To call him early,' said the President; 'why was that; he had not to go to parade next morning? Did he give any reason?' 'Yes,' answered the witness, 'he said that he was to be Queen of the May.'"

Here naturally we are inclined to pay every attention to the literary reminiscences of Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff. They are those of one scarcely of the literary circles, but still intimate with many celebrities. However, he picks up the oddest little facts, as witness the following:

"Murray told us that there was an English poet for whom no fount of type sufficed, a necessary preliminary to reprinting his works being largely to reinforce the 'l's' and 'v's.' This was Tennyson, and the cause was the constant recurrence of the word 'love' in his writings."

This reminds us distantly of the tale told sarcastically about James Mill, that his autobiography necessitated the casting of a new fount of capital I's. The following story about Southey is not new to us, but is so characteristic of Rogers that we cannot forbear printing it:

"Coleridge told me that, after the death of Southey, a committee assembled at his father's, Sir John Coleridge's, house to discuss the best way of doing honour to the poet's memory, and he, then a very young man, was appointed to act as secretary. A number of highly distinguished persons being assembled, there was a knock at the door, old Mr. Rogers was ushered in, and received, of course, with much respect. Just as business was about to commence the new arrival said, 'I once heard the Duke of Wellington speak of Mr. Southey.' 'Oh,' said some one, 'what did the Duke say of Mr. Southey?' 'The Duke said,' answered Rogers, 'I don't think much of Mr. Southey,' and with this encouraging introduction the proceedings of the committee began."

But our author has an ear for pregnant criticism, as well as for amusing anecdotes. Here is a saying from the mouth of William Watson, the poet, over which critics may ponder: "Keats, admirable as was some of his work, was becoming decadent before he died, while Shelley was crescent to the end." The following is a really delightful account of a typical lecture by Ruskin:

"The subject was Sandro Botticelli. The lecturer began by a few words about that painter. Presently, however, he said: 'Before I can make you understand Sandro Botticelli, you must understand Fra Angelico and the monastic system of the Middle Ages,' but ere long he exclaimed: 'Yet what is the good of talking to you about Fra Angelico and the monastic system of the Middle Ages? All your sons have latch-keys'; and the rest of the discourse was devoted to that subject."

Some of the most agreeable passages in the diary are those describing how the writer lighted on treasures in the way of verse. As examples one might quote the following. Miss Soulsby sent him this delicious extract from Ben Jonson:

"Fair and witty,
Savouring more of Court than City,
A little proud, but full of pity."

Lady Gregory found and sent the following very fine translation of a well-known passage in Moschus. He pointed out, however, that the word "scented" did not represent the Greek properly, yet this is scarcely a flaw in a rendering otherwise exquisitely beautiful:

"Alas, alas, when mallows die, when winter tempests kill
The light-leaved tender parsley and the curly scented dill,
They die, and come to life again and bloom each following year.
But we who are the lords of all, we men of wisdom clear,
So strong and great and mighty, in dying once die out,
And lie for ever in the ground, stark, quiet, wrapped about
With sleep that hath no waking up."

Sir Mountstuart ranges far and wide for his matter, and many little jokes crop up most unexpectedly, as for example this:

"Did I record an amusing story which Miss Sorabji sent me from India? Over a baker's shop in Poona she saw an inscription: 'Best English Loafer to His Excellency.'"

Here is a little budget of good things which are set down at random:

"Mr. Nigel Combe, who is staying with us, told me that some one having said of a rather unpopular person, 'But surely Mr. — is at least a cultured man,' received the reply, 'Manured.' Very good was the schoolboy's answer, which he reported as having been actually made when he was at Charterhouse: "'What are the Chiltern Hundreds?' 'Small animals which infest cheeses in great numbers.' Hardly less so was a definition of a cherub as an 'immoral object of strange shape.'"

Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff tells us in his preface that it is with deliberation that he has avoided the more serious interests of his life, which are politics and administration; and no doubt it would have been very imprudent to deal intimately with these topics in view of the fact that it must have been impossible to avoid mentioning men who are living and working to-day. Thus he seems to skim more lightly over the surface of life than is the case in actual fact. However, there are moments when he throws a curious sidelight on political movements, as for example in the amusing anecdote which we quote:

"Lord Balfour mentioned that when the Gladstonian peers deserted their benches in a body, rather than listen to the attack on them made by the Duke of Argyll, Lord Rosebery, speaking of their small number, said:

'Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.'

"'He has completely mistaken,' said Lord Denman, 'the nature of the charge against them. It is just that they were not apparent.'"

Very amusing, too, is the remark of Miss Elliot about Mr. Gladstone; though it is too casual to be actually malicious, it leaves something for the great statesmen in the University of Oxford to divide between them. She said that Prince Albert had once said to Lord Russell:

"Mr. Gladstone is a very clever man, and as he was educated at Oxford he is able to believe anything he chooses."

We might write a great deal more about these very entertaining volumes and fill many pages with quotations from them, but must leave the reader to discover that pleasure for himself. Ages hence these will be extremely valuable documents, since they paint the manners of the time more graphically than any novelist has been able to do. They are exclusively concerned with the sunny side of life, and give only an occasional hint of the shadows that fell across the writer as they fall across every man; but for that very reason they are the more delightful to read and none the less valuable for purposes of reference.

SHAKESPEARE

Shakespeare's Marriage: His Departure from Stratford and other incidents in his Life. By JOSEPH WILLIAM GRAY. (Chapman and Hall, 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. GRAY endeavours at great length, and with infinite pains, to disperse the clouds that hang about our knowledge of the precise details of Shakespeare's marriage. He has succeeded, it must be admitted, in adding (to use his own words) "to the great mass of inference and assumption to which few writers on the incidents of the poet's life avoid making a contribution." Yet though he has failed to discover any single new and indisputable fact in the poet's biography, his careful research into the history of the marriage ceremonies of Shakespeare's days refutes many theories which have enjoyed considerable vogue. Mr. Gray has investigated the sixteenth-century records of the Diocesan Registry at Worcester with greater industry than any predecessor, and he has proved clearly that the "bond against impediments" which was deposited there on the eve of Shakespeare's marriage and is still preserved there conforms in all the essentials with the ordinary practice of the time. The irregularities which had been detected in the document are for the most part imaginary.

It will be remembered by students of Shakespeare's biography that according to the Bishop's Register, a licence was issued for the marriage of William Shakespeare and Anne Whateley of Temple Grafton. On the day before, the "bond against impediments" was signed, by way of preliminary to Shakespeare's marriage. This Whateley entry has puzzled many biographers of Shakespeare. On the strength of it, some have contended that Shakespeare's wife was not the Anne Hathaway of general acceptance, but this Anne Whateley of Temple Grafton. Mr. Gray gives some interesting examples of the extraordinary carelessness with which the names of the parties, to whom marriage licences were granted, were entered in the Registers of the Bishops of Worcester at the date in question: within a few months of Shakespeare's marriage "Joan Barbar" the bride of one John Baker, was miswritten by the clerk "Joan Baker;" while two bridegrooms, "Robert Bradeley" and "Humfrey Elcock" were disguised in the Register respectively as "Robert Darby" and "Humfrey Edgock." Mr. Gray suggests that the "Anne Whateley" entry is an irrelevant misdescription of the poet's wife. He ingeniously points out that on the very date that Shakespeare's application for a marriage licence was under the consideration of the Bishop's officials, one William Whateley, vicar of Crowle, was a suitor on other business in the Bishop's consistory court, and was already familiarly known to the Bishop's officials. The careless scribe was thus led by a freak of the pen to enter the name of Whateley in a wrong place. One may regret that Mr. Gray's industry has not produced surer results, but such as they are, they repay the attention of readers or antiquarian

taste. At the same time it is difficult to avoid the depressing conclusion that the likelihood of adding to our existing stock of definite information on the points immediately at issue is very small.

Apart from the vexed question connected with Shakespeare's marriage, Mr. Gray prints much information illustrative of Shakespeare's biography, most of which, although not all, is accessible in other collections of Shakespeareana. He seems to be well acquainted with recent Shakespearean literature, and nothing of importance to his subject that has been published in the last few years appears to have escaped him. He may be congratulated on having exhumed for the first time from a manuscript commonplace book in the Diocesan Registry at Worcester (belonging to the end of the seventeenth century) some hitherto unprinted verses which make mention of "famous Shakespeare," and report an incident in Ben Jonson's career which is unknown to his biographers. The extract runs:

"Ben Johnson traveling from London to Oxford upon a Valentine's day, meets an Highwayman.

"BEN JOHNSON. Flee hence or by thy Coat of steele
Il'e make thy heart my brasen bullet feele.
And send that thrice as theevish soule of thine
To Hell to be the Devell's valentine.

Reply by y^e Hman.

"ROBBER. Art thou great Ben or y^e revived ghost
Of famous Shakspeare or some drunken host
That being tipsy wth thy muddy beer
Dost think thy rhyme shall dawnt my soule wth feare.
Know this base slave that I am one of those
Can take a purse as well in verse as proes
And wth thou art dead wright this upon thy herse
Here ly's a Poet y^t was robb'd in verse."

JOHN KNOX

John Knox. By the Rev. D. MACMILLAN, M.A. (Melrose, 3s. 6d. net.)

The History of the Reformation of Religion in Scotland. By JOHN KNOX. Revised and Edited by CUTHBERT LENNOX. (Melrose, 4s. 6d. net.)

WHETHER the year 1905 is the fourth centenary of the birth of John Knox, or whether he was born sometime in 1513-15, is quite uncertain. Mr. Macmillan defends the former date, his arguments leave the question open. In any case this year has seen several little books on Knox, and will see more. Mr. Macmillan's is "popular." "The popular judgment of the country has been steadily cast against" Cardinal Beaton, he says truly. The popular judgment is nourished on popular books, and has no relation to an historical judgment. The Cardinal "earned undying obloquy by his murder of George Wishart," says Mr. Macmillan. If the nobles had yielded to the preachers after the Reformation, and had put Catholics to death, would Mr. Macmillan call the executions "murders?" If he did, he would greatly err, the law doomed Catholics to death. In his history, Mr. Macmillan reproduces Knox's account of the siege of St. Andrew's Castle (1547) though it is notoriously erroneous. On the kneeling controversy in England (1552), he tells us, truly, that Knox succeeded in getting "the Black Rubric" introduced. He does not tell us that Knox promised to kneel (at the Holy Communion) on certain conditions, and that he got his conditions, but did not keep his promise. He mentions the lingering love of confession: this will account for such a confidence as the following on the part of Knox to Mrs. Bowes: "Call to mind what I did standing at a cupboard in Berwick. In very deed I thought that no creature had been tempted as I was." This suggests that Knox was tempted to steal jam out of the cupboard, or to kiss Mrs. Bowes! The context, not usually quoted, disproves these romantic hypotheses. Of a pamphlet to Knox, we read that "it may appear rough and harsh, but by the men of his day it would not be characterised in that fashion." As a matter of fact it was "characterised" much more severely by the men of his day, as well it might, for it contained

incitement to assassination. Reading Mr. Macmillan's account of the famous theological supper at Erskine of Dun's, no mortal could guess at the real gist of the matter, still less imagine that Knox, in 1568, employed, against the English dissenting Puritans, the very argument from St. Paul's conduct at the Temple in Jerusalem, which he had rejected at Edinburgh, as doubting whether St. Paul and St. James were "inspired" in their behaviour. It is true that Knox, as regards his political views, was "a long way ahead of the man of Geneva," Calvin. He was as far ahead of Calvin, in theory, as the murderers of the Grand Duke Sergius. Any godly person, according to Knox, might kill a Catholic if he had an opportunity. Yet Mr. Macmillan writes that Knox "never encouraged bloodshed." Can Mr. Macmillan have read Knox's "Appellation" (Laing's "Knox," vol. iv. p. 501)? He mentions the work, but does not cite the passage. He does not quote Calvin's words about Knox's "First Blast," and so on. We neither see the real Knox nor hear the censures of him pronounced by the leaders of the Genevan Church; censures of Knox's "reckless arrogance" (Calvin) and "fury" (François Morel). If the English public had been foolish enough to accept and act on the doctrine of Knox's "First Blast," the result would have been a revival of the Wars of the Roses. The pamphlet was, in fact, very "objectionable," as Mr. Macmillan says of something else. Mr. Macmillan naturally accepts Knox's story (given in two versions) of the perfidy of Mary of Guise when she summoned the preachers for May 10, 1554. No other contemporary writer appears to hint at any treachery in the matter; the charge is not in Croft's letter, a week later, nor in "The Historie of the Estate of Scotland," nor, of course, in Lesley's History. As to the wrecking of churches and monasteries at Perth, Knox tells his friend, Mr. Locke, that "the brethren" did the deed: in his History, having the fear of Calvin before his eyes, he throws all the blame on the mob, "the rascal multitude." Mr. Macmillan does not give both versions, yet he knows both, for he has used Mr. MacCunn's admirable brief "Life" of the Reformer. Mr. Macmillan (p. 138) declares that the leaders of the Revolution "clearly aimed at the overthrow of her"—the Regent's—"Government." On page 147 he avers that the Regent "had been busy poisoning all whom it might concern" (*sic*), "hinting that it was Rebellion, and not Reformation, that they were contemplating." Yet Mr. Macmillan says himself that they "clearly aimed at the overthrow of the Government." Naturally Mr. Macmillan does not tell us that, in Perth, all priests who celebrated mass were doomed to die, by Knox's party. Knox tells Mr. Locke, but keeps the fact out of his History. Of Knox's amazing conduct in giving to England a thoroughly false account of the terms of treaty of July 24, 1559, and of his attempts to conceal the truth in his History, Mr. Macmillan does not say one word. He writes (p. 160) that Cecil would not "endanger the relation of France and England," by granting an interview to Knox. Cecil arranged an interview, but Knox was delayed by events. ("Knox," vol. ii. p. 32.) Mr. Macmillan knows the facts (p. 162). He defends the frank falsehood of the Reformer's proclamation that they deposed the Regent by the authority of her daughter the Queen. He does not add that they forged the Great Seal, and used the forgery to accredit their proclamations and letters. Of Knox's perpetual insinuations against the personal chastity of the Regent, things on the lowest level of halfpenny "society journalism," not a hint is given. The occasion of Mary's giving a dance, against which Knox preached, was apparently taken to have been the massacre of Vassy (March 1, 1562). This is impossible: the dance was given in December and cannot be connected with any news from France. To summon his armed multitude to menace justice at a trial, as Knox did, "was only an assertion of the liberty of the Church" (p. 264). It was an ecclesiastical sanction of Scottish anarchy.

But criticism is thrown away on history as written by Mr. Macmillan, without a reference to authorities. For

style we may cite, "Lethington was sitting on the fence and riding for a fall"! "The Abbot's giving himself away," was, in fact, the adoption, by the Abbot, of an opinion of St. Jerome.

There is a brief introduction by the Very Rev. Principal Story. If the Principal has read the book he ought to know that Knox did not "come in 1560 from Geneva."

Mr. Cuthbert Lennox has "revised and edited"—and cut down and expurgated—Knox's "History of the Reformation," which he calls "an honest and truthful record." By dropping essential passages, as on page 170, the darkness that envelops the record is made more than Egyptian at this point. Where Knox says that after a sermon preached by himself against Mary of Guise, "began hir bellie and lothsome leggis to swell," (she had dropsy, and Knox's party had intercepted her letter announcing the act to d'Oysel) Mr. Lennox prints, "a few days thereafter the Queen Regent was smitten by disease." She had been smitten before: Knox prophesied after the event, and with a brutality of language that Mr. Lennox dares not reproduce. The language of the Reformer is modernised throughout. "Here we have an inspired record of the dealings of God with men," cries Mr. Lennox. "The spirit was a little foul-mouthed," as some one said of the "inspirational discourse" by James I. and VI.

THESE TWO

The Golden Ass of Apuleius. Translated by FRANCIS D. BYRNE. (The Imperial Press.)

The work called "Metamorphoses" by its author, but better known as "The Golden Ass," is redeemed only by the beautiful fairy tale of "Cupid and Psyche," which, quite charming in itself, is introduced very inartistically into "The Golden Ass," indeed, dragged in by the head and shoulders, and put into the mouth of an illiterate old hag in a cave of robbers. "The Golden Ass" was written in the reign of Trojan about the same time as "Lucius or the Ass", ascribed, with no certainty, to Lucian. The two tales, no doubt, have a common source: and we are told that one Lucius of Patrae in Achaia composed a book of metamorphoses which may have been used by both the Greek and the Latin writer. The Greek tale is, in our judgment, much the better of the two, if we leave out of consideration the episode of Cupid and Psyche, which does not appear in the Greek. The Latin is much longer, and is embarrassed by subsidiary stories interwoven after the fashion of The Arabian Nights—a feature which renders the reading of the Greek novelists very confusing, but from which "The Ass" of Lucian is free. Nothing could be clumsier than the way in which Apuleius permits himself a long digression to tell the history of the woman who was condemned to be thrown to the wild beasts, but whose sentence was commuted to a public exhibition with the Ass as partner. The monotonous episodes illustrating the sufferings of the Ass are tiresome, and the style is tortuous and affected, showing a remarkable tendency to revert to the *sermo vulgaris* of the early Latin comic drama.

The Greek tale is admirably translated in the series issued by the Council of the Athenian Society, 1895-1898. We cannot say as much for the translator of Apuleius. Words of so little authority as "burgling" ought not to be introduced unless the whole rendering is deliberately couched in the diction of slang; and ill-formed words like "unreliable" ought to be avoided. "You rascally, perjured individual" (p. 425) is very stilted; and the husband did not "pray for his wife's health" (429) when she sneezed. "Repiete with every virtue" (443) is, to say the least, journalese; and "the affair demands that I should explain" (438) as well as "promised everything in length and breadth" (504) certainly suggests Latin rather than English. Again, what is the meaning of "in rite lymphatic" (182)? And where is the joke for an English reader in:

"Do you know a man called Milo, one of the leading men?" She smiled. "It's true," she said, "you can call him a leading man, for he lives outside the whole city in the suburb."
 "Jokes apart, mother dear," I said, " &c. (p. 27.)

The translator is not sufficiently equipped for his task either in English or classics. "The *Metamorphoses* were composed" is bad English, unless we are to say "*The Two Gentlemen of Verona* are inferior to *As you like it*." "Villanious" (431) is probably a misprint, and so is *inspirata* for *insperata* (xxiii.); but can "fratricide" be used of the murder of a sister, as on p. 218? This, too, is very slipshod:

"Her hair was grey and dishevelled and all dirty from the ashes with which they were besprinkled, while a great part of it." &c.

We meet (468) a "lad's" forehead wrinkled with "a senile care." The notes are very poor, and have impossible accentuation such as *καλαδας*, *ἑρως*, and *ἔημος* "people" accentuated *ἔημος* which means "fat."

Mr. Byrne professes to eschew expurgation, but in the very objectionable passages he gives only the original Latin (with misprints or mistakes like *appliciore* for *applicitiore*). The writer of the Latin tale was withheld only by lack of skill from rivalling the grossness of the Greek. He was as gross as his limited literary capacities allowed him to be. It seems to us absurd to look for an allegory or moral lesson in such a work. Even "Cupid and Psyche" seems to us to be no more than a romance. It would be a lucky find if some papyrus should yield up to us the Greek original of that charming tale.

THE TYRANNY OF THE THESIS

N. Hawthorne: *Sa Vie et son Œuvre*. Thèse pour le doctorat soutenue devant la Faculté des Lettres de l'Université de Paris. Par L. DHALEINE, Agrégé de l'Université. (Hachette.)

THE tyranny of the thesis in the continental universities is a subject which invites remark. Broadly speaking, the condition of things is this: that, in order to profess and call himself doctor, a man must write a prodigiously long book which no one will ever want to read, and publish it in a "format" deterrent to any reader who may accidentally present himself. The pity is the greater because it very often happens that good work has gone to the making of such a book, and that the book might even have been good as a whole if it had not been written for the satisfaction of examiners. A good case in point was the thesis lately written on Sainte-Beuve by Professor Michaud of the University of Fribourg. There was a pearl in that oyster, though the shell was disproportionately large. One could extract the pearl and make an admirable and readable article for a high-class magazine. The thing was done by more than one popular writer at the time of the Sainte-Beuve centenary. But even in that exceptional thesis the distinguishing vices of the thesis were exhibited. The writer quite obviously wrote with one eye on his subject and the other on his examiners. He seemed afraid to be amused, lest the examiners should think that he was laughing at them, or that he despised his task. He crowded his canvas with superfluous details for fear lest some well-informed pedant among them should suppose him to be ignorant of any fact, however unimportant, which he neglected to mention. And that is what always happens and is, in the circumstances, bound to happen. The necessity of pedantry kills the sense of humour. The obvious is elaborated. Theses are "biblia abiblia" in consequence.

The general includes the particular, and M. Dhaleine's thesis on "N. Hawthorne" has already been reviewed by implication. It is accurate and sufficiently sagacious. No Board of Examiners could conceivably have ploughed the author; but no reader can conceivably have any use for

his book, which reminds one of the orator at the debating society who explained, at great length, that he was in agreement with all the remarks of all the previous speakers. Mr. Henry James's little monograph on the same subject is worth the whole of it, though if that delightful piece of personal criticism had been presented as a "thesis sustained for the doctorate," the author would very likely have been "referred to his studies" by the guardians of the Academic gate. Certainly there is no value to be attached, at this time of day, to M. Dhaleine's recitation of familiar biographical facts, or to his laborious progress through the plots of everything that Hawthorne wrote from "Twice-told Tales" to "The Marble Faun." All that is really valuable in his work is concentrated in the short chapters on Transcendentalism and the Transcendentalists. Here at any rate was something worth explaining—especially to Americans, who are so apt to mistake words for things and to imagine that the one thing needful in order to define a man's philosophical position is to pin a label on his coat. They currently talk of the Transcendentalists in the same light and airy fashion in which they talk of the Mugwumps and the Copperheads. They know whom the word denotes—Emerson, Thoreau, Margaret Fuller, and the Concord group generally; but if you question them as to its connotation you will have to pause for a reply. M. Dhaleine at any rate brings them back to that. He shows how the real Transcendentalism arose when Hume's scepticism awoke Kant from his dogmatic slumbers, and called forth the system which began with Space and Time as "forms" of the human intelligence, and ended with the Practical Reason and the Categorical Imperative. He shows also how this system was developed in different directions by Schleiermacher, Fichte, and Schelling, and he finally shows how little the Concord Transcendentalists had to do with it in any of its developments. They were Transcendentalists in the sense of not being Positivists, but hardly in any other sense. Certainly they stood in no conscious and definable relation to the Kantian or any other school of thought. They had thought nothing out as thinking is understood in Europe. Their philosophic standpoint varied from day to day. Emerson's philosophic standpoint often varied from sentence to sentence in a single essay or lecture. Their chief philosophic asset was well described by one of themselves as a nebulous "feeling about the Infinite." It is impossible to say whether, on the balance, they were Pantheists or Theists; while they vaguely and conjecturally anticipated the doctrines alike of Charles Darwin and of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky. Excellent people who not only meant well but served the world well by their devotion to ideals and their opposition to the coarser kind of American materialism; but people who would never have been called Transcendentalists if they had been born anywhere but in a nation of new journalists who require every man to bear a label for the convenience of the sub-editors in charge of the newspaper headlines.

On this branch of the subject M. Dhaleine writes well and lucidly, though we have taken the liberty of supplementing and illustrating his conclusions. But it is only a small branch of a great subject, and not the most important branch of it, seeing that Hawthorne, looking back upon his relations with the Transcendentalists at Brook Farm, remarked pertinently that "the real Me was never a member of the community." The chapter dealing with it may perhaps be described as a rich "pocket" in a gold mine mostly of low grade ore; though the general poverty of the lode is the fault not so much of the writer as of the conditions in which he wrote. Coming under the tyranny of the thesis, he was conscientiously submissive. They asked him to add to the long list of "biblia abiblia" and he did so. That is the conclusion of the whole matter—a conclusion which makes one desiderate some device for the awarding of the Doctorate of Letters less wasteful of the valuable time of the postulants.

A SCHOLAR AMONG BIRDS

Bird Life and Bird Lore. By R. BOSWORTH SMITH. (Murray, 10s. 6d. net.)

THOUGH in the last resort the unfailing charm of Gilbert White's letters about his Hampshire parish escapes critical analysis, more than to any other single quality it is probably due to the fact that he writes always as a scholar and a humanist, and thus puts himself unfailingly in touch with observant and cultivated minds, whatever their special bent or interest. The collection of articles and studies which Mr. Bosworth Smith has recast and republished in the present book is distinguished in its degree by the same breadth and sureness of appeal, which marks only a small proportion of the volumes on bird and animal life which have lately been appearing in such numbers. Another of this small company of scholarly naturalists, Mr. Warde Fowler (whose name, by the way, Mr. Bosworth Smith honours but mis-spells) has suggestively described all field ornithology as essentially scholarship, in its unresting conjunction and comparison of generalised principles with new and accurate observation. True though this is in one sense, it is not given to every good naturalist to write books about birds that can pretend to rank as scholarly literature, and it is because many, at any rate, of Mr. Bosworth Smith's bird-studies are distinguished in this way that they are sure of a wide welcome and esteem.

The writer devotes a special chapter in his study of the Raven to "the thoughts which men have had about him and the influence which he has, in turn, had over them"; but this point of view is largely characteristic of the whole book, and it adds precisely that touch of interest which is often somewhat lacking in books devoted purely to field natural history. He was fortunate enough, in his Dorsetshire home and elsewhere, to become acquainted very early in life with the raven, the "King of birds," as he claims him to be, when he still nested in English inland districts; and the acquaintance begun in the great fir-clump on Badbury Rings has matured into a lifelong interest and friendship. Perhaps no man can ever become a true lover of birds unless he learns to know them as a boy, and in after years can feel with Wordsworth, as he writes in his ode, "To the Cuckoo":

"And I can listen to thee yet
And lie upon the plain,
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again."

At any rate, the writer of these studies confesses that "the heart of my book, the germ from which most of it has been developed," is to be found in the chapter describing his early home, and it is this lifelong continuity and fixity of interest which makes the many allusions to the raven, or the various species of owls, gathered from a wide field of literature and history, to appear not mere extraneous and tiresome tags, but a ripe and inherent part of the whole presentment. Occasionally, but only occasionally, Mr. Bosworth Smith, in his interpretation of literary passages, seems to fall into that pedantic class of error which is the outcome of attaching excessive weight to some one small resemblance or difference, to the neglect of a sane general estimate. Quoting Nash's poem on Spring, familiar to most readers of the "Golden Treasury," he expresses doubt as to what bird is indicated by the mysterious sound "pee-wee" in the refrain:

"Cuckoo, jug-jug, pee-wee, to-witta-woo,"

and rejects the obvious view that it is the cry of the peewit in favour of the tentative opinion that it is "the familiar note of the young brown owl." The cry of the young owls can hardly have been so familiar and typical a sound of spring to any poet as to lead him to include it in a list of the four commonest notes—"In every street these tunes our ears do greet." In much the same way, he says of Tennyson's "sea-blue bird of March" (that

celebrated *crux*, till Sir Herbert Maxwell published the poet's own statement that he meant the kingfisher):

It is not a happy characterisation, for so close an observer of birds as Tennyson, of the English kingfisher. The kingfisher can hardly be said to be 'sea-blue'; it never 'flits' from bush to bush, but always dashes like an arrow down-stream; and it is, in no special sense, the 'bird of March.'"

There is no need to dispute about the kingfisher's precise tint of blue, though Alcman's original epithet *ἀλιπύρρονος* ought to be allowed some weight; but nothing could be more true to life of the kingfisher than to describe it as flitting "underneath" the naked thorn-bushes fringing the bank; while it is in March, when the frosts lose their power, that it often returns to its summer haunts on the smaller streams. These points, however, are in any case but slight blemishes in a well-written and attractive book, of which the only material demerit is the rather patchy and uneven effect almost inseparable from volumes made up of papers originally published at divers times and in divers manners; though even this defect has been minimised by careful revision. The illustrations are excellent, and the shape, print, and paper all that could be wished.

DR. OPIMIAN—WITH A DIFFERENCE

Reminiscences of a Radical Parson. By Rev. W. TUCKWELL, M.A. (Cassell, 9s. net.)

THOUGH not to be compared with his delightful "Reminiscences of Oxford," one of the best books of the kind that has ever been published, Mr. Tuckwell's latest volume is full of entertainment. With much of it as the expression of vigorous party polemics we have nothing to do here; rather are we concerned with the humours and the pathos of Mr. Tuckwell's political tours, and the stories he has to tell of the famous or curious personalities encountered in his wanderings. All unconsciously the Radical parson reveals to us in this book a very charming and thoroughly human personality. A College don, a schoolmaster, and then, in later years, the incumbent of a College living, Mr. Tuckwell first attracted public attention by his unconventional methods of working his parish. He organised dances for the lads and lasses, and was amply rewarded by a rustic criticism, "Tell 'ee, Passon, this be better foon than getting toight"; and he went on to *al fresco* services which often included a whole Dissenting congregation led by its minister. But he was getting on in years before he delivered his first political speech, though he took to the work so readily that he had delivered nearly a thousand orations before he decided to retire. A lofty ideal of politics as the science of human happiness he has always held, his object being to improve the social conditions of the proletariat, especially the agricultural labourer. After hearing one of his speeches a shrewd north-countryman observed that Mr. Tuckwell would never be a bishop, and indeed he does not shrink from Disestablishment, quoting Charles Buller's bitterly ironical saying: "For heaven's sake do not destroy the Established Church; it is the only thing that stands between us and Christianity." Mr. Tuckwell has a pleasant habit of quotation, especially from Horace and Virgil. Thus, in recording his entertainment at a large political dinner-party at Cardiff, he says, "They greeted me with wild flattery. 'Very excellent things are spoken of thee,' said a portly alderman, who sat opposite. He took his wine freely, suggesting at last that we should 'drop the blooming meeting, and stick to the mayor's port.' 'Fortiter occupa portum,' I quoted; but there was no scholar to pick up my pearl." But he does not often take such liberties with the classics. Once Sir William Harcourt suddenly asked him what Dr. Arnold had died of, and when he said "From angina pectoris," Sir William corrected him; "No," he said, "from angina pectoris." Mr. Tuckwell retorted by criticising the word "amabil-

issimus," which occurs on the monument of Sir William's grandfather in York Minster. Years afterwards Sir William wrote to Mr. Tuckwell in great triumph to say that he had found the word in Cicero!

Mr. Tuckwell, who contributed to the *Spectator* for some years, draws an interesting picture of Hutton, with whom, however, he was hardly in sympathy. Hutton met his contributor one day in Trafalgar Square, and, to the astonishment of the passers-by, proceeded to propound in vociferant tones the worthlessness of an historic Christ unless based on a metaphysical *logos*. We have an extraordinary picture of Lady Beaconsfield tasting Trinity audit ale within a day or two of her death. "She was a bright creature," said Dizzy after her death to an old friend; "she had no fears for the future, and no knowledge of the past; she used to tell me that she never could remember whether the Greeks or Romans came first."

Mr. Tuckwell used to stay in the palaces of the great, as well as in tumble-down insanitary cottages, and he gives a delightful vignette of a bookish old squire, who remembered that when Mr. Pickwick—who of course came out in parts—was committed to the Fleet, Charles Buller gravely consulted Sir William Follett how he could be got out again. The great lawyer said it was impossible, and Buller warned Dickens, who responded cheerily, "He will come out all the same, you'll see." Very different was another entertainer, a mighty capitalist, evidently none other than Jabez Balfour, whose tenants were more than contented and loved him as a father. Mr. Tuckwell owes to New College his appreciation of the difference between good wine and bad, and he quaintly complains that many of his earnest Liberal entertainers found no place for wine at all in their *menus*. He recalls Dr. Whewell's apology for his nightly glass of audit ale: "I think that when one takes water so much of the system is poorly occupied." Of course there are many political reminiscences of Gladstone, and indeed of many other famous men, to which we can do no more than allude. The book possesses an index which contains misprints.

THE LION RAMPANT

The Scots Peerage. Edited by the Lord Lyon King of Arms. Vol. II. (David Douglas, 25s. net.)

THE second volume of this valuable work fully bears out the excellent qualities of the first. It is really an entirely new inquiry, though based on the lines laid down in Sir Robert Douglas's old peerage, a wonderful book for the time in which it was compiled. The genealogists whom the Lyon King has gathered round him have assisted to produce a masterly piece of work embodying the results of the most recent researches. All the latest authorities have been laid under contribution, such as the numerous Reports of the MSS. Commission and the recently published Laing Charters. The early historical notices have been verified, sifted and toned down in accordance with the scientific method now introduced into heraldry. But in spite of the insistence of unvarnished records the Scottish peerage is still a romance, there being hardly a family in which there was not some startling incident, some hereditary vendetta to hand down from sire to son. One of the longest and most interesting memoirs in the volume before us is that of the Kennedys, Earls of Cassillis, from the pen of the Marquis of Ailsa, present chief of the name. It is written in the best of taste, all facts well verified and nothing extenuated. A masterful and valiant race, whose long sword ruled all the extensive country from Wigtown to the town of Ayr and from Portpatrick to the cruives of the Chrystal Cree. The memoir on the extinct Carlyle peerage, by the Rev. John Anderson, is also an excellent account of a family long passed away, and now, since the death of Mr. Hildred Edward Carlyle, lately sub-controller of the Post Office Savings Banks, unrepresented, so far as is known, in the male line. The name of Carlyle has had

additional lustre added to it during the last fifty years by Thomas Carlyle. The sage had some grounds for believing that his grandfather was a far-out cousin of the Laird of Brydekirk, the chief cadet of the baronial house. He seems not to have made any effort to complete the missing link, as he himself was no doubt content to hold the patent of nobility he has made for himself. It would have been most interesting if Mr. Anderson could have cleared up the matter in his exhaustive memoir of the parent stock. Those students who examine curiously the rise and fall of families will treasure a book that tells of the shadowy prime of ancient houses—*Omnia sunt hominum pendentia filo*. A feature of this compilation of strange eventful histories is the spirited and artistic heraldic shields and initial letters by Mr. Graham Johnston, of the Lyon Office, who has inspired the great devices of heraldry with something akin to life—something more than the dreary formalism of his predecessors.

FLOWERS IN FICTION

THE works of the poets of all ages and all countries abound with allusions to flowers. Shakespeare himself is an example; nowhere in his pages, perhaps, can we find more lovely lines than those familiar ones which speak of

"Daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
And Cytherea's breath."

It would seem that the mere handling, as it were, of such images, the sweeping of such exquisite strings, stimulates the singer to music sweeter even than his theme. Wordsworth, too, portrays daffodils in his own simple and direct fashion, and seizes at once the character of the flowers in question:

"A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze."

Elsewhere he speaks of his "sweet wild-cherry tree." Here, again, he employs no artifice; the image conjured up before our eyes is that of the tree itself with its faint, woodland fragrance, its airy grace. Other poets lend an artificial significance to the flowers of which they treat; thus Herrick addresses violets as "maiden posies," and Edgar Allan Poe speaks of "puritan pansies," in that strange, wild, fantastic lyric, "To Annie."

It is not, however, the flowers of poetry that I have in my mind to-day, nor the flowers of those old-world gardens chronicled by Bacon and Izaak Walton, nor even the flowers made familiar to us by the fascinating pen of "Elizabeth"—I am thinking of the flowers of fiction, and of the growing propensity among the novelists of the present day to enhance the beauty of their pages by references to these most beautiful of created things. Of the present day, I say, for most of the great masters of nineteenth-century literature were unconscious, or perhaps disdainful, of this art. Thackeray, indeed, seldom troubled himself to describe inanimate nature; here and there we may find a brief reference to a "smiling landscape," or some such phrase; but he was ever in too great a hurry to be dealing with flesh and blood to dally with what seemed to him unmeaning trivialities. It is not that this consummate artist was unaware of the value of a vivid suggestion of colour—he, who has drawn for us Emmie, in her white dress, pressing George's crimson sash against her bosom, and Beatrice descending the stairs in her scarlet stockings, and again, Becky Sharp in her pink silk gown; but as far as I can recollect, he makes no use of the flower in any pictorial sense. We have once or twice a reference to a treasured rose—a withered one—but the flower is used merely as an emblem, a love-token; a lock of hair, a crumpled glove, a

faded note, would have served the purpose just as well. The dream-blossoms of the doll's dressmaker, the scanty blooms of her garden on the tiles, are, like the solitary flower of the lame boy in "Nicholas Nickleby," introduced by Dickens to heighten the sense of contrast between their fresh loveliness, and the sordid lives which they served to brighten; not for what I may call the decorative effect aimed at by the writers of our time. Of these, I would single out Mr. Thomas Hardy as the most notable and admirable example.

When he first presents to us Bathsheba Everdene, she is sitting in a gaily-painted waggon, surrounded by flowering plants. He enumerates these plants—myrtles, geraniums, cactuses—all, be it noted, eminently characteristic of her own vivid personality. He tells us himself that "they invested the whole concern of horses, waggon, furniture and girl with a peculiar vernal charm." The reader comes under the influence of that charm from the moment when his eyes first fall upon the page in question—it is indeed this essential quality which marks out Mr. Hardy's work from that of all other writers, which is unattainable, unapproachable, by any of his host of followers. Contrast this picture of Bathsheba Everdene in her crimson jacket, with her bright face and black hair, with the "pale companion" whom Joseph Poorgress conveys, also in a painted waggon, from Casterbridge Workhouse—poor Fanny Robin, lying in her coffin. She too is surrounded by flowers, and here again the author's choice is noteworthy; laurustinus, variegated box, and yew, boy's-love and bunches of chrysanthemums. Bathsheba, obliged to pause for a few moments on the high road, wiles away the time by inspecting herself in a small swing looking-glass; she smiles at her own image in the sunshine; "the picture," says the author, "was a delicate one." Unforgettable that other picture of Joseph's sad burden looming "faintly through the flowering laurustinus" as the horse plods slowly through "the unfathomable gloom, amid the high trees on each hand, indistinct, shadowless and spectre-like in their monochrome of grey. . . . The dead silence broken only by a heavy particle falling from a tree through the evergreens and alighting with a smart rap upon the coffin of poor Fanny." So the story goes on, gathering tragedy with every line, until the page is reached which portrays for us Bathsheba gazing at her dead rival, suffering as that hapless rival had never suffered in her short life. Here, again, the flowers come in. It is while she is laying them about the dead girl's head that her husband looks in upon her. It is when Troy, falling on his knees, kisses the pallid face smiling so placidly amid the blossoms, that the passionate cry bursts wildly "from the deepest deep" of the wife's heart: "Kiss me too, Frank—kiss me." In all literature I think there is not a page so daring, so absolutely truthful in its revelation of a woman's nature.

But flowers are needed again for the crowning catastrophe of the miserable love-tale of Francis Troy and Fanny Robin. Having set up a tombstone over the poor girl's grave, he proceeds to plant the mound beneath with flowers. "There were bundles of snowdrops, hyacinth and crocus bulbs, violets and double daisies, which were to bloom in early spring, and of carnations, pinks, picotees, lilies of the valley, forget-me-not, summer's farewell, meadow saffron, and others, for the later seasons of the year." The author minutely describes the planting of these by Troy with his "impassive face," on that dark night when the rays from his lantern spread into the old yews "with a strange illuminating power, flickering, as it seemed, up to the black ceiling of cloud above." He works till midnight, and sleeps in the church porch; and then comes the storm and the doings of the gargoyle. The stream of water from the church roof spouting through the mouth of this "horrible stone entity" rushes into the new-made grave, turning the mould into mud and washing away all the flowers so carefully planted by Fanny's repentant lover. At the sight of this havoc, we are told, Troy "hated himself. He stood and meditated, a miserable

man. Where should he go? He that is accursed, let him be accursed still."

In each of these scenes the writer makes use of the images he conjures up with a double purpose, to enhance the effect of the picture presented to our mental vision, and to convey almost insensibly a deep and hidden meaning. This particular treatment of flowers in fiction seems to me essentially modern.

George Eliot has given us countless pictures of Hetty Sorrel, minutely describing for us her plum-coloured bodice, her rose-coloured ribbons, the exquisite tendrils of her dark hair, the lustre of her eyes. It seems strange that she who had such a strong sense of the picturesque should not have given us flowers in conjunction with this "distracting, kitten-like maiden." Twice, indeed, she would seem to make such a suggestion. Hetty, in rapture at meeting her gentleman-lover for the first time alone, was "no more conscious of her limbs than if her childish soul had passed into a water-lily, resting on a liquid bed and warmed by the midsummer sunbeams"; again, we are told that "hidden behind the apple-blossoms, or among the golden corn, or under the shrouding boughs of the wood, there might be a human heart beating heavily with anguish; perhaps a young blooming girl"—yet we are not shown Hetty among the water-lilies, or Hetty's delicate dark beauty outlined against a background of apple-blossoms, or Hetty standing breast-high amid golden corn. The present-day writer would have drawn at least one such vivid picture, to heighten the contrast for us between the outward peace and beauty, and the agony within. George Eliot, nevertheless, in ending the story of Maggie and Tom Tulliver, has a phrase that haunts the memory. "Brother and sister had gone down in an embrace never to be parted: living through again in one short moment the days when they had clasped their little hands in love, and roamed the *daisied fields* together."

Stevenson, that master of language, would seem to concern himself less with the appeal of flowers to the sense of sight than their appeal to another sense: but his words, with the extraordinary power that these instruments have under manipulation such as his, conjure up for us a whole scene. When he speaks of the "hot smell of the heather" we see the great, glowing expanse in all the glories of its crimsons and purples. Again, when he describes St. Ives' escape and tells us how, when he passed within a little distance of a bush of wallflower "the scent of it came over him with that impression of reality which characterises scents in darkness," the reader shares that impression, sees the trembling figure hanging shadowy between earth and heaven, feels his heart beat with infectious fear. And yet again when Will o' the Mill, dying, is "suddenly surprised by an overpowering sweetness of heliotropes," we share the old man's wonder and bewilderment, we wait breathless for the vision that is coming.

Among living writers, the authors of "Young April," a book as fresh and as thickly strewn with flowers as its name would seem to imply, are foremost in availing themselves of the peculiar form of art of which I speak. One book indeed, "The Star Dreamer," stands out above the rest, for every page of it is fragrant with the scent of the old-world garden which forms a background to the drama of human passion. The heroine dwells among the flowers, the Star Dreamer, her lover, descends from his far-off tower to meet her there. An ineffaceable picture is drawn for us of this dreaming lover, as he comes, at night, full of wild energy and yet not awake, to seek the woman whom by day, in full possession of consciousness, he had forsworn. "His heavy hair was tossed away from his forehead as if wild fingers had played with it. Fragments of moss, a withered leaf here and there, clung to his garments; but it did not need this evidence to tell Ellinor that he was straight from the woods—the breath of the trees and of the deep night emanated from him, fresh and pungent, indescribable."

Again, we have a vision of Ellinor, herself a flower that "had opened wide to the sun of great love," Ellinor, with her arms "full of branching leaves and strange blossoms

... purple and mauve, crimson and orange . . . she seemed to bring with her into the room all the breath of the herb garden and all its imprisoned sunshine."

Give us more of such writing, say I, more dealings with beautiful, innocent things, more of Nature in her lovelier aspects. It has been the fashion of late years to cry up those authors who haunt the slums, showing us humanity at its ugliest and most sordid—authors who, when they have defiled their pages with noisome images, appeal to us to admire their strength and daring. Well, every one to his taste; if there be folk who delight in conjuring up pictures of filth and squalor by all means let them read their fill; but human nature is as truly human nature, men and women can live and love with as much strength and passion among the pleasant places of this fair earth of ours as amid the abominations of the city streets. George Eliot's "daisied fields" and Hardy's "vernal charm" will linger in the memory long after the idyll of the slums has been shudderingly dismissed.

M. E. FRANCIS.

JULES VERNE

IN the obituaries of Jules Verne which have appeared in England and France since the death of the celebrated writer on Friday of last week, can be noticed a marked diversity of opinion corresponding with a certain vein of contradiction in the author's life. It was perhaps only natural that the appreciations should vary between the enthusiasm of *Le Temps*—which boldly held the Académie Française to have belittled itself by refusing a seat of immortality to its old contributor—and the placid irony of *Les Débats* in defending him against the charge of perverting youthful minds with a specious blend of falsehood and science; for Jules Verne could not but seem great or little as regarded with the eyes of imagination or of fact. The contrast between the adventurous creator of Captain Nemo, and the industrious municipal councillor of Amiens, possessed of no more astonishing passion than an omnivorous appetite for newspapers and a predilection for milk, was assuredly of a nature to perplex the judicious. In psychology, however, all extremes are explained by contraries, and we see Jules Verne in his truest aspect as the precise and welcome converse of that not uncommon type of modern voyager, who, after beating up the world from Patagonia to Japan, has absolutely no adventures to relate. The redoubtable author of "Twenty thousand Leagues under the Sea," hugging the coast of Northern France in his ten-ton sloop, is decidedly the more interesting study of the two.

Born at Nantes in 1828, he was sent off in due time by his father, a Breton advocate, to *faire son droit* in the Quartier Latin. At Paris he discovered more liking for literature and science than for the law, and opened his career as a writer by the composition of a number of unprosperous tragedies in verse. When only twenty-one he succeeded in getting a one-act piece, *Les Pailles Rompues* (written in collaboration with Dumas fils), accepted and played at the Gymnase. For ten or twelve years he maintained his connection with the theatre, writing numerous pieces in collaboration with Charles Wallut and Michel Carré—among them *L'Auberge des Ardennes* and *Onze Jours de Siège*. During this period of dramatic hack-work he held the unsalaried post of secretary to Emile Perrin, then director of the Théâtre-Lyrique, and earned his living by working during the day as clerk to Fernand Eggly, an *agent de change* on the Paris Bourse.

In 1860 or 1861 he met Hetzel, the publisher of Victor Hugo, George Sand, and De Musset, who was then just returning from eight years of exile at Brussels. Aeronautics were in high fashion at the moment, Nadar was exciting Paris with his daring ascents, and Verne precisely hit the popular fancy with a new kind of scientific romance, his "Five Weeks in a Balloon." Editions of the book sold very rapidly, and the generous offer of a twenty years'

contract from Hetzel satisfied the author that the fortunate tide in his life had come. Thereon he took leave of his friends, Aristide Rignard, De Béchenel, Duquesnel, and others, and announced his intention to retire with a wife to Amiens, there to compile the great list of ninety complete novels of adventure which have since delighted the heart of English and French youth.

That list of books is one whose best names are still potent with every hearty boy, and with every man who respects the memory of his immature years. "From the Earth to the Moon," "Round the World in Eighty Days," "A Journey to the Centre of the Earth," "The Clipper of the Clouds," "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," and "Michael Strogoff" are to the age of fourteen what "The Three Musketeers" is to twenty-five. All are essentially dramatic, and two of them, "Michael Strogoff" and "Round the World" have been staged with remarkable success, first at the Porte-Saint-Martin, and later in every considerable town of Europe and America. Yet an analysis of their elements yields somewhat mystifying results. In most of the books there is a definite vein of pedagogy which few authors could introduce without annoying or disgusting their readers: the characterisation, though clear and amusing, is markedly theatrical; and, most curious fact of all, there is little or no love interest. It is possibly an impeachment of nineteenth-century gallantry that books containing no descriptions of sweet or wonderful women should have been translated into so many languages; it is unquestionably a paradox of the most tantalising character that a Frenchman should have been their author. Let it stand, however, as a testimony to the fundamental health and freshness of France, that the romances were all clean and invigorating as the sunlight. The name of an inventor or discoverer Jules Verne always modestly disowned, though by his popularisation of mechanical science he might justly have claimed the great distinction of helping forward the perfection of the flying-machine and the submarine vessel. As the founder of a literary school his position is less uncertain, for the obligations of Mr. Kipling to Mr. Swinburne, or of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to Edgar Poe, are not more vital than those of Mr. H. G. Wells and others to Jules Verne.

W. L. W.

JULES VERNE: A REMINISCENCE

ALTHOUGH Jules Verne sacrificed everything to his work—he led, at any rate during the last twenty years of his life, an existence of almost monastic seclusion, simplicity and austerity—his personality was interesting, quite apart from the fact of his immense, almost astounding popularity. What that popularity really was could only be gauged by a glance at that corner of his fine library, the library of a cultivated scholar and lover of the classics, where stood the various foreign editions of his books, including those published in Japanese and in Hebrew.

To the end the old man, who physically recalled to a curious extent a more serious-minded, a less self-conscious and ebullient Victor Hugo, was a typical Breton, proud, reserved and silent; a typical member, also, of that curious social caste known as *la noblesse de la robe*, for his father had been a member of the Nantes Bar.

It has often been asserted that M. Verne felt deeply the fact that the magic word "Académicien" was not written after his name. But I believe I am right in saying that he never presented himself for election, and, comparatively early in his life, he turned his back on Paris and all that Paris would almost certainly have brought him. It is, however, a mistake to suppose, as many of his English biographers have done during the last few days, that Jules Verne lived apart from the literary world and its interests. He was the intimate, life-long friend of that wonderful son of a more wonderful father, Alexandre Dumas fils. When both men were in their early twenties they wrote a short comedy together, which is still occasionally played, and

they remained fast friends. Another of his contemporaries with whom he was intimate was Hector Malot, and though he rarely left Amiens, he often welcomed fellow writers to the pleasant hospitable house, No. 1 Rue Charles Dubois, once the French home of a distinguished Englishman, Sir Daniel Lange, the friend and supporter of De Lesseps.

Few of the visitors, however, unless they happened to be real intimates, were ever taken upstairs to the tiny room where the master of the house, following in this the method of so many of his contemporaries, including writers as different as Anthony Trollope, Mrs. Oliphant, and "Gyp," began and ended each day's work before most of the good townspeople of Amiens were out of bed. For the last thirty-five years of his life Jules Verne did all his creative writing between the hours of 5 and 8 A.M., seated at a plain wooden table placed across the broad window which commanded a beautiful view of Amiens Cathedral. He took an extraordinary amount of trouble over every detail connected with his work, writing always with a half-page margin, so as to leave plenty of room for corrections and additions. More fortunate than most of his fellow authors, he was allowed by his publishers practically to re-write each of his novels in proof. In spite of all the labour he lavished on his manuscripts, he always completed two stories each year, and he must have left many unpublished volumes ready for publication.

The only critic to whom Jules Verne ever listened patiently, and who alone saw any of his work before final publication, was his own wife. No woman ever influenced more happily a writer's career than did this charming, warm-hearted Amienoise, who was, for nearly fifty years, Madame Jules Verne. She and her husband were in the best sense complementary the one to the other, for whereas it was difficult to believe that M. Verne could ever have been in the French sense of the words young and gay, it was evident that Madame Verne had always been too busy looking after his comfort and that of her children to find time to grow old. Indeed she seemed during the last years of their joint life the embodiment of one of the delightful fairy godmothers created by Madame d'Aulnoy.

Sometimes Madame Jules Verne would quaintly lament the absence of feminine interest in her husband's stories, but the listener was well aware that, even as she spoke, there was an underlying pride in the delightful knowledge that she herself, some fifty odd years before, had known how to conquer the heart of the serious-minded woman-hater, of the writer whose only success in drawing "le sexe" was to be "Mistress Branican." There can be surely no indiscretion in now opening the long-closed page containing the simple story of the veteran writer's own life romance.

As a young man, Jules Verne, whose ambition it then was to become a great dramatist—his first attempt took the form of a drama entitled *Alexandre VI.*—solemnly forswore both love and matrimony. In vain his friends with some concern pointed out that "l'un n'engage pas à l'autre;" he declared that to his thinking no man could be at one time both a worker and a lover, and that for his part he had no doubt at all as to which he wished to be. He failed, however, in converting those about him to his views, and as he was a man of ardent friendships he in due course found himself compelled to take, much against his will, the long journey—and in the late "fifties" it was a very long journey—from Nantes to Amiens, to be present at a comrade's wedding.

The stage-coach was late, and when young Verne arrived at the house of the bride's parents he found it deserted save for the presence of another daughter, a young widowed lady who had not cared to inflict her sombre presence on the wedding-party, and who had therefore been left to mind the house. Madame de Vanne, for such was her name, did her best to entertain the stranger; they discussed the drama and literature to such purpose that at the end of an hour the young man began to realise the charm of friendship with a cultivated woman.

The return of the wedding-party took place long before either Madame de Vanne or Jules Verne expected it, and

they alone, so the story went for many a year after, were unaware, during the long day which followed, of what was even then quite plain to those about them, that Providence had indeed made them the one for the other.

A year later Madame de Vanne became the wife of Jules Verne, and he, the most devoted of step-fathers to her two little girls. Comparatively shortly after his marriage was published "Five Weeks in a Balloon," the first of his wonderful adventure stories. His own only child, a son, is also a writer, but he has inherited his father's interest in science without Jules Verne's special gift of embodying his views and theories in the form of fiction.

MARIE BELLOC LOWNDES.

MELANCHOLIA

THE sickness of desire, that in dark days
Looks on the imagination of despair,
Forgetteth man and stinteth God his praise,
Nor but in sleep findeth a cure for care.

Incertainty, that once gave scope to dream
Of laughing enterprise and glory untold,
Is now a blackness that no stars redeem,
A wall of terror in a night of cold.

Fool! thou that hast impossibly desir'd,
And now impatiently despair'st, see
How nought is changed: Joy's vision is attir'd
Splendid for other eyes, if not for thee:

Not love or beauty or youth from earth is fled:
If they delight thee not, 'tis thou art dead.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

ONCE upon a time the famous sculptor Thorvaldsen said to Hans Andersen, "Come now, write us a new and comical story. I wonder if you could make one up about a darning needle!" Andersen's response was the well-known tale of "The Darning Needle," but there is something more in this little fairy story than the mere reply to a spontaneous challenge; the sculptor's request was something more than a sudden whim of fancy. Those two words "I wonder" were in all probability the involuntary exclamation provoked by a thought which had many times flitted about at the back of Thorvaldsen's mind; now the idea found expression as he listened whilst Hans Andersen read aloud "The Sweethearts" and "The Ugly Duckling." "I believe," said the sculptor to himself, "I believe this man could spin a fairy web around any single thing created by God or made by man." Aloud he ejaculated "I wonder," and Andersen replied in the darning needle dialect that his friend had struck the keynote of his genius. Every living and inanimate thing he could endow with the fairy spirit, for this great magician had discovered the elixir of fairy life, and he distributed it with a lavishness born of a real appreciation of the commonplace.

As we look back over the hundred years that have elapsed since the King of the Fairies was born in the guise of a cobbler's son on April 2, 1805, we seek for an explanation of his immortal genius. We know how furiously the walls of his fairy citadel have been attacked by realism during the thirty years since his death in 1875, and we ask ourselves why Hans Andersen has not been buried beneath the ruins of ideal sticks and stones. In

the darning needle story we find a clue to the way in which he was able to erect fortifications which should withstand the fiercest onslaught of mere men. Says the needle when it is in imminent danger: "It is a good preservation against sea-sickness to have a steel stomach, and to bear in mind that one is something more than a mere human being!" Children are more than human because they have not yet come of age, and as experience has not taught them the full meaning of the word, they are unable to realise its limitations; the grown-up, who knows the weakness of human nature, as well as its strength, finds comfort in the thought that he is "a god though in the germ." It is just because Hans Andersen stands for all that is of a very simple superhuman character that he numbers amongst his friends both the old and the young.

As a human being pure and simple, Andersen had many distinguishing characteristics of the species—ambition, pride, loyalty, devotion, and the like; as a human being of the literary type he was a curious mixture of commendable egoism and inordinate conceit. The story of his life he has interpreted in "The Ugly Duckling," and the ill-favoured bird is certainly an object for sympathy till it develops into a swan and compels admiration. "It matters not being born in a duck-yard, when one is hatched from a swan's egg," comments the author, and we think of Hans Andersen's poor home at Odense, and of the many difficulties he had to contend against ere he was able to rise superior to the circumstances of his birth. We remember the indomitable pluck, the sturdy self-reliance, and the steadfast belief in his own ability which, with but fifteen dollars, were his sole capital when as a boy of fourteen he set out for Copenhagen. We think of the almost penniless lad, handicapped by his unprepossessing appearance, vainly trying to become an actor; then of the bitter disappointments he had to encounter when he tried to succeed as a playwright, and we remind ourselves that he had no educational advantages till he was of an age when many boys leave school. As we read once more the tale of "The Ugly Duckling" we are inclined to imagine that Hans Andersen was very unfairly treated, and to sympathise with his attitude towards his critics in "What the moon saw." But it must not be forgotten that the ugly duckling of Odense had no ambition to be that beautiful swan, the Fairy King, which he afterwards became, even though one of the much maligned critics discovered his real identity at an early stage of his career. "I am sure the little elves will show you the right way through the bright blue sky," wrote Mrs. Ingemann to young Andersen after reading one of his youthful publications, but he had no desire to be guided into the highway of fame and fortune by sprites and elves.

It was as a dramatic author that Hans Andersen wished to excel, for he had been held fast in the theatrical grip from his earliest childhood. Play after play he wrote, and occasionally he managed to get his dramas produced; he believed that they were all masterpieces, and when they were pronounced failures, he thought the critics were in league against him. He was entirely blind to his shortcomings as a playwright, but a very slight acquaintance with his dramatic work is sufficient to justify its condemnation. As a novelist, too, he would fain have been recognised as a great genius, but here again he neither deserved nor received the extravagant praise which he demanded. With his books of travel he was more successful, for hopping about their pages are the little fairies who were calling to him to come and take possession of his kingdom. When he began to publish his fairy tales he only looked on them as a quite unimportant part of his work, although J. L. Heiberg, the famous critic, at once pronounced them the cream of his literary output. As more and more of these stories saw the light, their popularity increased; they were translated into other languages, and very soon Hans Andersen had little cause to complain of the treatment he received at the hands of the great literary critics, and the public in general.

When we come to inquire into the nature of the appeal made by Hans Andersen to his little patrons, we find that its power lies in the author's familiarity with various languages appreciated by the young on account of poetic possibilities, and an unlimited pictorial vocabulary adapted to their requirements. Moreover, the swan language, the language of flowers and trees, of birds and of all manner of beasts, of toys, and of the common objects of daily life have no grammar, and are not fettered by tiresome rules; no wonder then that they are the much beloved mother tongue of children. In this tongue Andersen speaks, and he is able to express himself so forcibly because he is familiar with its every dialect. Then again, he is too great an artist to be a wearisome moralist; his stories are not written in order to point a moral, but morals serve to adorn his stories. We notice also that he avoids "horrors," and his childish public are never frightened to such an extent that a sensible elder has to explain that such and such things are all nonsense. He is an optimist, and children are naturally optimistic; his God is the "Our Father" of the little ones, and he has a strong sympathy with tears, which are the child's refuge in times of distress, and its expression of repentance to be followed as a matter of course by full pardon and complete absolution. But in the story of "The Wild Swans" we find, perhaps, the strongest tie which binds Hans Andersen to every child who makes his acquaintance. Here we are told that Elise dreamed of a picture-book in which "everything seemed alive; the birds sang, men and women stepped from the book and talked to Elise and her brothers." Everything which Hans Andersen puts into his poetic word-pictures is alive, and therefore real. Even when children start to *make believe* they very quickly glide into the actual belief that their imaginary world is full of living things all in possession of the five senses; and it is mainly because children do not feel that Hans Andersen is a mere pretender that they love him so well.

In the Andersen fairy stories the grown-up public discover the philosopher, the poet and the artist, who would have them believe, as they would fain believe, that "life, after all, is the most lovely of fairy tales." They realise that Hans Andersen was not childish, but childlike, and in many women, and more especially in many men, there is fortunately a childlike spirit which responds to the appeal made by such a rare genius. The morals which are not insisted upon in these stories, are nevertheless apparent, and as they are elementary truths common to every creed they go straight home to the hearts of men and women. There is, too, in these fairy tales a fund of humour, and they very aptly illustrate the sense of nonsense which upholds the supremacy of the simpler emotions over the dignity of mere intellect.

To renew an acquaintance with Hans Andersen when the nursery and the schoolroom have been left far behind, may require some courage, for there be many who gibe at the fairy muse. But our good friend Barrie has made it possible for us to handle a copy of Andersen's "Fairy Tales" without blushing, or without resorting to the use of a brown paper cover to hide the title of the book we carry. Who that has made the acquaintance of *The Boy that wouldn't grow up* can plead "Not Guilty" to clapping his hands in order to save Tinker Bell's life? We have seen grave, elderly men, and—even more surprising—"superior" young men startled into enthusiasm and pity by that daring, yet trustful challenge to the spirit of childhood that lives in us all, though we may not know it until some genius—Barrie or Andersen—tears off the wrappings to reveal it. Old and young have responded to Peter Pan's pathetic appeal to acknowledge that they believe in fairies, and old and young alike will be saying on April 2, 1905, "Just a hundred years ago to-day there was born in Denmark the Fairy King, and ——" Well, we wonder what sort of a fairy story Hans Andersen would have written about a centenary.

E. A. B.

FICTION

The Dryad. By JUSTIN HUNTLEY MCCARTHY. (Methuen, 6s.)

MR. MCCARTHY has found a charming idea for a romance in a legend that tells how in the Eleusinian wood by Athens, long after the old Greek gods and goddesses forsook the country, there lingered still an immortal maid, strong as the heroes, young as the dawn and beautiful as Helen. At the beginning of the fourteenth century Duke Baldwin of the Rock, a Frankish prince, was reigning Duke of Athens, and the story tells how his son Rainouart, "whose spirit swam in the clearest ether of chivalry," met this Dryad in the wonder-wood, how they loved each other, how Esclaramonde, Duchess of Thebes, prevailed over Rainouart by enchantment and deceit for a period, but how in the end Argathona the Dryad won back her lover and became mortal that she might wed him. But Mr. McCarthy's treatment falls far short of his idea: he has not succeeded in creating the right atmosphere. He has emphasised historical details, such as the conquest of Greece by the French nobles, the presence and intrigues of the Catalan Grand Order at the court of Duke Baldwin; he has introduced incidents and characters which have no home outside the most commonplace historical novel, so that when the Dryad, as the Knight of Eleusis, comes to the tourney held in honour of the marriage of Rainouart and Esclaramonde, and triumphs, her triumph leaves us cold and we actually find ourselves thinking of the unfairness of the encounter, where an immortal of godlike strength overcomes a mere human knight. This is not at all the impression that ought to exist. The two elements of French chivalry and of Greek legend conflict, and they defeat their own ends. The presence of the immortal maiden makes the history seem impossible and irritating, while the history takes away from the beauty of the legend. Each element by itself is well enough: the adventures and the murders are sufficiently exciting; and there is considerable beauty in the dream of Argathona, in which all the old Greek divinities appear to her and implore her not to ally herself to a mortal lover; but the union of the two elements is never achieved. Moreover, for a story which appeals primarily to the imagination, absolute simplicity of style is an essential, witness "The Happy Prince" and the fairy tales of George MacDonald; but Mr. McCarthy's style is pretentious and highly coloured: he writes a florid kind of romantic jargon, which less scrupulous critics than the author of "Underwoods" might be justified in describing as no language. He runs the devices of alliteration and repetition to death—such phrases as "hissing hot with haste," "muffled in melancholy musings," "brimmed with admiration of the civilisation," constantly occur, and the jingling assonance would offend the least sensitive ear. "Beraped," "oathing free," "anyways," "hooves" for "hoofs," and many other odd words and usages crop up, some of which may be found in the dictionary and others not. And so the book is a disappointment. Mr. McCarthy has found a beautiful theme and in spite of his cleverness has handled it so roughly that he has deprived it of its external charm and has not developed the possibilities of its inherent beauty.

Wanted: a Cook. By ALAN DALE. (Putnam, 6s.)

WE thought before we read these Domestic Dialogues that we had a Servant Problem in England. We seem to have heard that servants are scarce and inefficient, the terrors of the housewife rather than her support. We have even read amusing articles about the creatures in the monthly reviews, and we have perversely reflected that this was a quarrel where one side was dumb. This never seems to us quite fair, and when we follow a lady's procession of incompetent and insufferable servants we always want a servant's history of exacting and grossly ignorant mistresses. But now that we have finished Alan Dale's

account of "home life" in America, we will never listen to the complaints of our countrywomen again. If he is trustworthy, there are no servants in that distressful land at all: only ruffians who for high wages drink, steal and carouse under your roof for about a week at a time. But it is difficult to believe in the unbroken bad luck of his young couple, and we can only say that if his Letitia has a counterpart in nature she deserves all she gets. No doubt women of her class have reduced themselves both in America and here to a condition of helplessness that would be absurd if the results were not often seriously expensive and uncomfortable. We were told a true story lately of an able-bodied woman whose only resource when her maids deserted her suddenly was to take to her bed in tears. Luckily she had a husband at home to do the work. The unpalatable truth of the matter is that every day girls undertake the important and delightful art of homemaking without knowing anything about it. Perhaps they are not quite as silly as Letitia, who tried to make tea by boiling it in a saucepan with the eggs. But there is no doubt that if a man were as ignorant of his job as his wife usually is of hers, he would soon be begging his bread. Letitia's Aunt Julia is the sensible woman. "Do you think that a mere cook can either make or mar me?" she asks, and without more ado prepares an excellent dinner. Her niece demurs to her slaving. "I don't say that I should select it as a pastime," the shrewd woman answers, "but when it is necessary . . . I am always on hand. The situation is mine absolutely." If the women who employ servants because it is convenient would learn how to train them and how on occasion to do without them, the situation (we have Aunt Julia's authority for saying so) would be theirs absolutely. And servants would not be demoralised by a market driven through scarcity to pay good wages for bad work. But, after all, the question hardly concerns us. Now that we have been introduced to Mrs. Potzenheimer and Anna Carter we know that in our happy homes we still have ministering angels. They do not come from an American Intelligence Office, where one lady, seeing another look dejected, asks her, "Is this your first time in hell?"

The White Causeway. By F. FRANKFORT MOORE. (Hutchinson, 6s.)

MR. FRANKFORT MOORE has accomplished the difficult feat of introducing the supernatural into a story of modern life without producing a grotesque effect of improbability. The secret of his success lies in the fact that he has mastered the subtle art of construction; and so, little by little, he leads the mind of the reader up to the proper receptive point before he brings out his *pièce de resistance*. Very cunningly he uses every device to stimulate the imagination to mystery, using the awe of the mountains with the curious legends about them that are current among the people, as his taking-off place into the unknown spiritual world. He does not approach psychic phenomena in the spirit of the believer, as Miss Underhill in "The Grey World," but rather as an expert writer to whom such matters, though within the mental range of the broad-minded, primarily afford infinite possibilities for sensation; and the result is a capital story, a story which goes with a rare swing, and is all the more pleasant because it is written in admirable English and with wit. Olive Austin and Arthur Garnett are in love with each other; and their love is tinged with the mysterious splendour of the Alpine mountains among which it first finds expression. She is a girl in touch with things spiritual; she has strange premonitions and sees visions, notably the White Causeway, which they say was "built by the spirits of the peaks to enable the spirits of the valley to mingle with them." One day when she is rowing on the lake a sudden storm swamps the boat, and Garnett only just manages to rescue her. For four hours the doctors unceasingly try to revive her, and she is only called back to life by the wild cry of her lover. But she has died, "passed over" as the phrase is. And herein lies the point of the book. Her soul and body are

separate, and only united by her great love; but the shock has deprived her of memory, so that, while her soul remembers, her corporeal form does not even recognise her lover. The situations which arise are finely conceived and work up to a magnificent climax, which no one who has a taste for the *frileuse* in literature would do well to miss. The whole book is interesting and should be read, for it is an excellent example of Mr. Frankfort Moore's versatile ability.

Elizabeth Grey. By E. M. GREEN. (Blackwood, 6s.)

It has often been remarked that the history of any life whatsoever would afford material for an interesting novel, if only it could be truly written, but as Miss Green says in "Elizabeth Grey," "Self-consciousness generally spoils the effects." Many whose one cry throughout their lives is to be understood are totally unable to break through the thin transparent covering with which convention surrounds every soul among us. When some one does succeed in breaking down this wall and giving us a peep at the real self, we say: "Here is a living book." Simpler in its elements no book could be than "Elizabeth Grey," yet the writer has succeeded in giving us a true picture of a living woman. There is no plot, and the only two events that can be dignified by the name of incidents would have been better away, for they alone are unreal. Here is a picture of a girl almost at her last shilling, who has bombarded editors with her MSS., and stormed them in their dens with but little success. She has a home, but one where money is scarce, and she retires into the wilderness of the quietest of country places to live in a farm-house, in order to do the best that is in her undisturbed. One imagines it must take a grand audacity of mind to write such a book, for it is all so slight and trivial; yet there lies its worth. The author cannot have said to herself: "Who will ever care to read this?" or she could never have gone on with it. She must have written it for the pure joy of painting in words the little details that rose so vividly before her: it is art for art's sake. We seem to smell the fragrance of the lilac wafted in at the open window: we see the still warm and ruffled body of the little dead thrush, a moment before so full of life and gladness; we wander willingly back into the reminiscence of "two children in new jackets, called by them 'wooly-doggy,' with an outside pocket in which a tiny handkerchief is tucked, black turban hats with scarlet wings, scarlet cloth gloves and warm plaid frocks, standing in a pew in an old, old church." The whole book is in a minor key, and there is a certain wistful sadness running through it.

It is possible that it would never have been written had not "Henry Ryecroft" appeared, yet it is not mere imitation. It is a refreshing book, because so natural, with the exception of the two blemishes above noted, namely the ridiculous incident where the great author comes to see the lesser one, and after folding up an uncounted number of her MSS., in big envelopes, directs them to various editors of magazines, who accept them meekly; and the still more improbable dab of colour by which, when the first novel, on the strength of a review in a contemporary, has run into a second edition, the publishers instantly offer a thousand pounds down for the second. Such things may have happened, once or twice, but to bring them into a simple narrative like the present is to mar by crudity what is otherwise a good piece of work.

The Stepping-Stone. By HELEN HESTER COLVILL. (Constable, 6s.)

A PLAGUE upon all meddlers! Suppose a young man rescued from a career of crime by a woman who loves him and for his sake loses, quite undeservedly, friends and reputation; suppose him nursed by her through a severe illness, the result of poor living and remorse for his first considerable fraud: suppose, further, that he professed to love this woman; does it seem equitable that she should be treated merely as a stepping-stone to a life of greater

comforts and amenities? Hardly, we think; nor does it seem likely that Miss Colvill would argue otherwise, for while she is interested in all her characters (as the perfunctory novelist never is), she has reserved her love for Anna Breien, the Norwegian singer, the "stepping-stone" of the title. What is more, she makes the reader love Anna also. Eustace Sercombe, the reformed, after a long and praiseworthy struggle with himself, puts aside the cup with which circumstance tempted him—the love of his beautiful cousin Viola, with position and wealth in England—and is ready to marry Anna and continue the meagre existence of a clerk in Rome. And at this moment there steps in one of those busybodies who love to constitute themselves the viceregents of Providence, and tells Anna (for the benefit of Eustace, of course) that Eustace does not really love her. Anna sacrifices herself; disappears. Eustace, to his credit, seeks her far and wide, only to learn at last that she has died in her own country. How had Miss Colvill the heart to treat gentle, loving, unselfish Anna in this fashion? So much by way of protest; it would be churlish not to add that Miss Colvill has written a clever story, which will often touch her readers and can hardly fail to interest them.

Duke's Son. By COSMO HAMILTON. (Heinemann, 6s.)

THIS "Duke's Son" is a story of Society, of life among "the best people," which will shock the moralist and yet compel him to read on with ever increasing interest. It records the hard fate of certain members of the peerage, more particularly of younger sons, who discover that the Society into which they were born "will not look at them" unless they can pay for the civility. They find it impossible to maintain their footing upon such poor allowances as a thousand a year; therefore there is absolutely nothing left for them but "to cheat at cards to live." Men and girls, husbands and wives, singly or in partnership, fleece their neighbours and sometimes their friends: other reprehensible things they do, and yet are perfectly happy and unashamed. And some of them are charming people, deservedly popular, and straight and honest in their ordinary dealings. It is not a moral story, but it is an unusually interesting one, gay, cynical, kindly, amusing, and distinctly clever.

A Spoiler of Men. By RICHARD MARSH. (Chatto and Windus, 6s.)

THE numerous readers who delight in Mr. Marsh's tales of mystery and crime have no cause to complain of the quality of the entertainment provided for them in this volume. It is not a woman who is a spoiler of men in this instance, and there Mr. Marsh is wise, since women are almost invariably failures in his pages. There is no definite plot; the threads of the story can be picked up anywhere, and style was never the author's strong point. A wicked Dr. Wentworth hits upon a means of "stopping" any man or woman who displeases him or interferes with his schemes; in a moment "the thing that was a man" becomes speechless, blind, and imbecile. Can imagination go much farther in horror than that? And this operation is performed so many times in the course of Dr. Wentworth's career, that we lose count of the number of his victims, while the details become if possible more sickening in their cold-blooded cruelty with each repetition. But there is undoubtedly a large class of people who like this kind of reading: it amuses and pleasantly shocks them. They will be hard to please if they are not satisfied with the sensational incident here provided.

Widdicombe. By M. P. WILLCOCKS. (Lane, 6s.)

"Do not attempt to put all you know into your first article" was a veteran journalist's advice to a beginner, and the impression that Mr. Willcocks' book leaves is that between its covers are squeezed materials for more than one novel. The stage is too crowded; too many characters play leading parts. The attention of the reader is dissipated; his mind confused. Sylphine and John Saxon,

Rosemary and Nix Calmady—their histories are too equal in value to run through the same book. Both are studies of character that show thoughtful insight into the life and minds of those who live on "The Moor." The ways of men with maids and maids with men, that puzzled even that experienced sage, King Solomon, are followed appreciatively throughout delicate mazes to what in each case promises to be the haven of happy wedded life, though by John Saxon and Sylphine that haven is reached only after long years. Given greater knowledge of what a painter would call the "values" of a picture, this author at no distant date should write a book which will command attention.

THE BOOKSHELF

William Rathbone: A Memoir, by his daughter Eleanor F. Rathbone (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.), is too political a book to be dealt with at length in the ACADEMY, but the activities of William Rathbone other than political were many, and this very capably written biography deserves some attention. William Rathbone belonged to a peculiarly modern type. A man of business, he devoted his life to public work, for the sake of no reward to himself, but simply for the good of those whose interests he championed; and throughout a long and active public career he preserved a high modesty that made him, like the late Mr. W. H. Smith and other men, of far more value to philanthropy and politics than more brilliant and less single-hearted persons are apt to be. "The results," he said, "which I have found to follow from principles and modes of action which are open to very many seem to me very encouraging to those who—like myself—have no claim to genius or brilliancy. . . . The men who reap an immediate and material reward for their work are not these great discoverers and brilliant men of genius, but rather those ordinary men whose quick careful observation, common sense and industry just place them a few days, months, or years in advance of what is becoming the general knowledge or sentiment. It is these who see what part of the ideas of the thinkers and specialists of the day are capable of immediate, practical application to the circumstances of their time and country, and who put them into execution." Mr. Rathbone came of Quaker stock; and although his family had ceased to be members of the Society of Friends, the spirit of the Quakers was alive in all he did. His work in Parliament and in various philanthropic movements is too recent to need recapitulation. It is summed up in the following words from the speech made by Professor Wilkins when he presented Mr. Rathbone for his honorary degree at Victoria University. "In workhouse nursing, in local government, in licensing reform, in primary, in secondary and in higher education, both in England and in Wales, his work has been abundantly fruitful, because it has been based on that most accurate knowledge, as well as inspired by the deepest sense of the responsibility, of those who have wealth and culture."

Mr. H. W. Eve, formerly Head Master of University College School, has reprinted in the form of a pamphlet (Nutt) his article on *The Teaching of Modern Languages* which was published three or four years ago in Murray's "National Education—a Symposium." At the present moment it should appeal to all who are interested in education. After contrasting modern languages with the classics as educational instruments under five or six heads—the advantage of a graduated series of problems, accuracy of observation, the application of remembered facts to new problems, the inculcation of the exact idea, the *rationale* of language and the number of problems ethical, historical, political and philosophical which are subsidiary to the study—and deciding that modern languages do not fall far short of the classics on any of these points, Mr. Eve turns to the examination of the German method of teaching known as the *Neuere Richtung* and shows its advantages and disadvantages. It is a contribution, he says, of permanent value to the study of modern languages and not without suggestiveness for the teaching of classics. Of the greatest value in the first stages of learning, it needs to be supplemented, in Mr. Eve's opinion, at a later stage by a system more analogous to that pursued by classical students. Mr. Eve's pamphlet is not only most opportune, but very good reading, being well expressed and enlivened with not a few flashes of wit.

The Official Year-Book of the Church of England, of which we have just received the volume for 1905 (S.P.C.K. 3s.), sustained a great loss during the year 1904 by the death of its Honorary Secretary and first editor, the Rev. Canon Burnside. The work is being continued by the Rev. F. H. Burnside, and carried on in the spirit and with the skill which its founder would have wished. A special feature in this year's number is an elaborate list of Church Educational Societies, with an appendix consisting of brief reports on the effect of the Education Act, 1902, upon the Associations of Church Schools originally formed in 1897 to administer the "Aid Grant." The Archdeacon of Buckingham supplies a short account of the Mission of Help to South Africa, and there is a valuable summary of the inaugural meeting of the Representative Church Council last July. The permanent features of the volume remain excellent in

conception and treatment, and the work is wonderfully full and important for so low a price.

Mr. Murray sends us *Murray's History of England, an Outline History for Middle Forms*, by Miss M. A. Tucker (3s.). It is an attractive book and very clearly printed, the pages being broken up into headed paragraphs which will certainly obviate that painful feeling of "never getting to the end," which is always a trouble to young students. The attempt to sum up characters and events in short paragraphs inevitably leads to some little errors of overstatement or under-statement, but after a pretty careful examination of knotty points we have found nothing that amounts to misstatement. An excellent feature of the book is its full outfit of Maps and Plans, and we are particularly glad to see a Map of India, circa 1785. This is perhaps typical of the spirit in which Miss Tucker's work has been done, for throughout she has borne in mind that the history of England is only a part of the history of the world.

We are glad to receive a very handsome reprint of Mr. Bernhard Berenson's *Lorenzo Lotto, An Essay in Constructive Art Criticism* (Bell, 7s. 6d. net). There is little difference in the matter of the present volume from that of the first volume, beyond an increase in the number of works by both Lotto and Alvise which are discussed; but Mr. Berenson, in an interesting Preface, confesses to a change of view and a change of interest. He concerns himself little now with the work of art as a document in the history of civilisation. He laments the confusion that such an interest is apt to create between the historical and æsthetic standards. He "feels even more greatly bound to warn his readers against the assumption that in Art there is such a thing as progress." "A council of perfection," he writes, "would be to avoid confounding an interest in the history of technique with love of art and most of all to beware of finding beauty where there is only curiosity." The book is a handsome quarto, illustrated with a large number of full-page reproductions, mainly after originals by Lotto and Alvise.

The latest volume in Bohn's Standard Library is *Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare* (Bell, 1s. 6d. net). The special interest of the volume lies in the illustrations, which have been reproduced by lithography from the drawings made by Mr. Byam Shaw for the "Chiswick Shakespeare." It is impossible to agree in many cases with Mr. Shaw's conceptions of character; it is impossible to find him now and then other than a very poor artist; and yet his work is so full of thought and of ideas that he is always interesting, and we are glad to welcome so cheap a volume which contains such good reproductions of his drawings.

Mr. Edward Carpenter has published with Mr. Fifield (2s. net) a little volume on *Prisons, Police and Punishment*. The most valuable portions of it are a note on pages 78 and 79 of the most needed reforms in prison management and criminal procedure (among which it is not surprising to find the complete abolition of capital punishment and the establishment of a Court of Criminal Appeal), and a chapter on the police system, which asks the question: "*Quis custodiet custodes?*" Mr. Carpenter's chapter vi. concerns what he calls "non-governmental Society"; that is to say, a society ruled not by fear but by its own good sense. On this substitution of the voluntary for the enforced he is very interesting, not the less so because with such a being as man in such a world as the present Mr. Carpenter's ideals are never likely to shake off the title of quixotic.

Another little book coming from Mr. Fifield is *The Higher Love*, by Mr. George Barlow (6d. net). These three papers, "The Higher Love," "The Transfiguration of Matter," and "The Feminine Element in Deity," are reprinted from *The Contemporary Review*. Whether Mr. Barlow is, as he intends to be, scientific in the higher sense of the term, or whether he is setting psychology and physiology at defiance, are matters which readers will have settled for themselves before they begin to read his book, according to the school of thought to which they belong; but to all alike this little volume will prove suggestive.

An interesting and unpretentious little volume on gardening, *A New Zealand Garden*, by "A Suffolk Lady," comes from Mr. Elliot Stock (3s. 6d. net). It hardly pretends to compete as literature with the works of Mrs. Earle and the others who have made gardening a popular subject for books, but there is a pleasant air of sound health and good sense about it. People who, like the author, are practical gardeners will be interested in a great many of her remarks about flowers, birds, and insects.

The three little books by Mr. Hyatt published separately are now to be got uniformly bound in pale green and linen, enclosed in a case. They are *A Garden of Pleasant Flowers*, which we noticed lately; *A Book of Sundial Mottoes*, and *A Garden Lover's Birthday Book* (Philip Welby, 10/6 net). The *Birthday Book* is an apt and charming collection of sayings, in prose and poetry, about gardens since the time of Solomon. The quaint mottoes on sundials have furnished a little book of sermons on stones. Whether in texts or not, they convey many a lesson, as if their wisdom had slowly matured under the warm sun and wit had gathered in one word. "*Allez-vous*," says a French motto, and the passer-by may read all that is implied; "*Sine umbra nihil*," moralises the Latin, and Grief leaning on the stone catches at consolation. "It is later than you think," warns the English voice.

The fifth and final volume (S-Z) of the new edition of *Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers*, revised and enlarged under the supervision of Dr. George C. Williamson, is to hand from Messrs. Bell (21s. net). Considerable space has been allotted to men recently dead, the most important of whom are Watts, entrusted to Mr. Marion H. Spielmann; Whistler, to Mr. G. R. Dennis; Veresh-

chagin, to Mr. H. Rayment; and Frederick Sandys, who has been dealt with by Dr. Williamson himself. The article on Whistler is particularly full and able and the list of his etchings is claimed by the editor to be far the most complete that has yet appeared. The revision has been very thorough throughout the volume, many articles having been entirely re-written and much new matter which has recently come to light having been added. An interesting example of this is Mr. Langton Douglas's article on Sassetta, a painter to whom connoisseurs and historians have only lately begun to do justice. The proposed supplement, dealing with artists who have died while the book was in the press, has been postponed, but the editor hopes to produce it in time. A word should be added for the very fine full-page illustrations, over a hundred in number, which make the handsome volume a still more desirable possession.

A useful little book for amateurs of music is *The Concert-Goer, A Handbook of the Orchestra and Orchestral Music*, by William H. Daly (Paterson and Sons). Mr. Daly's object is to give the concert-goer a little more notion of what he, or she, is hearing, by explaining in a simple, brief fashion what an orchestra is and what forms of music it is intended to express. He begins by tracing the development of the orchestra from the close of the sixteenth century and examining its constitution; he then describes the instruments and combinations of instruments of which it is composed, and passes on to analyse a Symphony, an Overture, a Concerto, and various forms of what is known as Programme Music. His chapter on the conductor (seeing that the conductor—especially when he is Mr. Henry J. Wood—is of quite as much interest to a large number of the audience as the music) will be read with avidity. The book is elementary, but none the less likely to be useful on that account.

Many will be glad to hear that Messrs. Routledge have issued a cheap edition of the late Stepniak's book, *The Russian Peasantry, their Agrarian Condition, Social Life, and Religion*. It is now nearly ten years since Stepniak died and the work is therefore not strictly up to date; but, as the writer of the Preface remarks, the Russia of to-day remains the same as that of ten years ago.

With spring in the air a very timely publication is *The Camera in the Fields*, a useful guide to nature photography by F. C. Snell (Unwin, 5s.). Mr. Snell's aim is to provide an elementary and at the same time practical little book for the express purpose of guiding the efforts of beginners in the practice of Natural History Photography. His book is not confined to the art of "stalking," for he recognises that if study of animals, birds, and so forth is the object, much may be done at home and with sitters in captivity; but he gives both sides of the question their due, and his sensible remarks on matters of which he is clearly a master himself should be of great value to students of ornithology, zoology, entomology, and botany. The book is lavishly illustrated with reproductions of photographs, which we presume to be of Mr. Snell's own taking. If that is the case he is an exceptionally clever and artistic photographer and the results are inspiring.

BOOK SALES

ON March 23 at Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge's sale, a set of first editions of Harrison Ainsworth's novels, 106 volumes, realised £66; E. B. Browning's *Sonnets*, privately printed at Reading, 1847, excessively rare and apparently the only copy sold by auction in the country, £33; S. Daniel's *Poetical Works*, 1718, formerly belonging to Charles Lamb, with MS. notes by him and Coleridge and three letters from the latter to the former, £39 10s.; *Martin Chuzzlewit*, first edition, 1848, with original corrected proof-sheets, £29 10s.; Dr. John Hall, Shakespeare's son-in-law, *Select Observations on English Bodies*, first edition, £25; Lord Lilford's *Coloured Figures of the Birds of the British Islands*, 1885-97, first edition with index, £51; Coryat's *Crudities*, 1611, apparently a presentation copy from the author to John Davies of Hereford, £55.

ON March 24 at Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge's sale, Edmond Malone's copy of the *Supplement to Johnson* and Steevens's edition of Shakespeare, 1780, with autograph notes by Malone and original miniature portrait of Lord Southampton painted for Malone by Sylvester Harding, was sold for £91; Dr. Watt's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707, first edition, £43; the Kelmscott Press Chaucer, 1896, £45.

ON Saturday, March 25, more Kelmscott Press books were sold, the result being to show that the prices, even of vellum copies, are at present falling. The vellum copy of the Chaucer, which fetched £520 in 1902, went last week for £300. *The Story of the Glittering Plain*, 1891, one of six copies, inscribed "Frederick S. Ellis from William Morris," fetched £51 (Ellis sale, £114); W. Morris, *Poems by the Way*, 1891, £25 (Ellis, £60); W. Morris, *The Defence of Guenevere*, 1892, £20 (Ellis, £40); W. Morris, *A Dream of John Ball*, 1892, £19 10s.; *Recuyell of the Historiyes of Troye*, 1892, translated by W. Caxton, £40 (Ellis, £61); *Shakespeare's Poems*, 1893, £61 (Ellis, £44); *Life of Thomas Wolsey, Cardinal Archbishop of York*, 1893, £35 (Ellis, £44); *Sidonia the Sorceress*, by William Meinhold, 1893, £25 (Ellis, £48); W. Morris, *The Wood Beyond the World*, 1894, £21; P. B. Shelley, *Poetical Works*, 1895, 3 vols. £61 (Ellis, £89); R. Herrick, *Poems*, 1895, £30; W. Morris, *The Well at the World's End*, 1895, £40; *Laudes Beatae Mariae Virginis*, edited by S. C. Cockerell, 1896, the first Kelmscott book printed in red, black and blue, £20; W. Morris, *The Water of the Wondrous Isles*, 1897, £40; W. Morris, *The Sundering Flood*, £20; *Some German Woodcuts*

of the Fifteenth Century, 1897, £25. All these were on vellum. *The Romance of Syr Percival de Gales*, 1895, fourth edition, printed by J. O. Halliwell, Morris's own copy, on paper, £26.

At the same sale, *Poems; Written by Wil. Shakspeare Gent.*, 1640, with an original impression of the portrait by Marshall, original edition, slightly defective, fetched £205; a second folio, 1632, £108, and a fourth folio, 1685, £47. R. Allot's *England's Parnassus*, original edition, 1600, sold for £50; Herrick's *Hesperides*, 1648, first edition, £75; Milton's *Poems*, 1645, first edition, £86; More's *Utopia*, first edition, £49; *Coverdale's Bible*, Antwerp, 1535, the first edition of the Bible in English, £80.

The sale of the extensive and valuable library of John Scott, Esq., C.B., Halkhill, Largs, Ayrshire, was begun on Monday the 27th March by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.

A very large collection of books relating to the name and history of Mary Queen of Scots, is exciting attention, and further on there will be every reason for a large crowd.

The following were the highest prices given on the first day of the sale (March 27). John Adamson's *The Muses Welcome to the High and Mightie Prince James King of Great Britain, &c.*, at his *Happie return to Scotland* in 1617. First edition, £15 10s. Eight entries appear under the name of St. Augustine: *De Civitate Dei lib. xxii.*, fine printed in roman letter, 1486, £52; another edition, 1470, £45. Another edition, 1473, £16; another, 1475, £20; a set of the Bannatyne Club Publications, £139; Barbour's *The Actes and Life of the Most Victorious Conqueror, Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, &c. &c.* Edin., 1620, £10 10s.

Venerable Bede's *Opera*, £12; the *Geographia de Francesco Berlinghieri* (1480), £100; the Holy Bible, King James's or Authorized Version, 1633, £25.

Blundeville (Thos.); *His Exercises, containing Sixe Treaties to the furtherance of the Arte of Navigation*, 1594, £9 15s. *Boeces History and Chronicles of Scotland*, 1531, £11 10s. The same, 1536, £24. *Boethius De Consolatione Philosophiae, &c.*, 1476, £15 10s.

Psalmorum Davidis Paraphrasis Poetica Geo Buchananii Scoti. James Boswell's copy, with signed inscription by him on fly-leaf and "James Boswell, 1763. I bought this for 2d. at Greenwich when I was walking with Mr. Samuel Johnson," £15.

Bourne's book called *The Treasure for Travellers*, black letter, 1578, £10 10s. Rev. Zachary Boyd's *Last Battell of the Soule in Death*, first edition, 2 vols., 1628, £13 5s. (this book once brought fifty guineas when two booksellers competed with each other for the same customer); *Breydenbach's Sanctuarium Peregrinationum*, 1486, £145; and Brunet's *Manuel du Librairie*, 9 vols., £10 10s. Altogether on the first day, £1569 14s.

The interesting MSS. sold lately by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge include Thackeray's autograph MS. of part of *Pendennis*, and also six rough and traced sketches for the same novel; these were sold for £52, while the manuscript changed hands at £290. The original notes for the *Four Georges* brought £199. A carefully finished pen-and-ink drawing of a "New York Loafer," dating from Thackeray's first visit to America, went earlier in the same sale for £15. It was accompanied by an autograph description of the subject. Other drawings sold at the same time were a pen-and-ink portrait of Evans, of Evans' Rooms, on a sheet of notepaper (£7), and a small sketch of a little girl blowing bubbles, signed in full and dated May 10, 1850 (£10). On the same day a christening mug was sold at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's rooms, with a letter from Thackeray to "My dear Mrs. Fairfax" asking her acceptance of the mug for her little girl, and signed "W. M. T. and Fammely."

The most characteristic of all these relics was a pair of water-colour drawings, placed in Messrs. Sotheby's hands, depicting "M. Solomons, Gentilhomme Anglais, avec Mme. Solomons et M. Ab. Solomons, voyageant sur le Continent." In these drawings Thackeray developed a particular variation of a theme to which he constantly returned, both with brush or pencil and pen—the insular Briton of the first half of the nineteenth century setting out in full insular war-paint for the chosen resorts of our countrymen at that period in France, in Italy, on the Rhine. Another variant of the same picture is the drawing of "Major and Mrs. Hobkirk for the Continent," included by Mrs. Ritchie in her introduction to *Vanity Fair* in the Biographical Edition of Thackeray's works. These drawings of the Solomons family were sold for £41.

The Charles Reade MSS. sold at Messrs. Sotheby's on Friday 24th included *Gold, A Drama*, and the opening chapters of *It's Never too Late to Mend*, on which the play was founded, £10 5s.; *Love me Little, Love me Long*, £33; two portions of *The Cloister and the Hearth*, £24; and *Hard Cash*, with agreement signed by Charles Dickens and W. H. Wills for the appearance of the work in *All the Year Round*, 1864, £95. Charles Reade's letter book was sold for £38.

THE DRAMA

"LADY BEN" AT THE COMEDY THEATRE

It would be an interesting but enormously lengthy task to trace the influence of Scribe on our English plays down from its inception to the present day. M. René Doumic has done something of the kind for his influence on French plays, but to do it in full would take volumes. That

influence has almost faded out now on the other side of the Channel; here it is fast fading, but there is still enough life in it to affect any author who does not approach the stage as a stranger, with a mind that is a blank so far as the traditions and forms of the drama are concerned. It is impossible, of course, for Mr. George P. Bancroft, the author of the clever and ingenious *Lady Ben* produced on Tuesday, to approach the stage in any such manner. He has grown up, one may wager, in an atmosphere of the stage, and it must have been just about during his most impressionable years that the Scribe influence became of the greatest weight and power in England by the production at the Haymarket and elsewhere of a number of plays by Scribe's great follower, M. Sardou. The result is that Mr. Bancroft cannot, if he would, come with a perfectly open mind to the making of a play. He may bring a score of fresh and first-hand ideas on life, gathered for himself by independent observation; he may aim most whole-heartedly at depicting not incident but character, at providing not good "curtains" but good "psychology"; and all the while as he develops his play he must be fighting against traditions, against the cast which his mind has taken through descent and years of association with the stage, against the Scribe and Sardouesque pieces of ingenuity which insist on presenting themselves to his quick imagination as necessary things in a play. It is one of the penalties of coming of a famous theatrical family.

In *Lady Ben*, for instance, we are asked to accept the possibility of a father and son having handwritings so exactly alike that the orthographical experts in a law-court would certainly be unable to tell which was the writer of a certain packet of love-letters. Such cases may be not only possible, but common, and yet one is no sooner asked to accept the fact in *Lady Ben* than we catch the old influence at work. In the third act again the situation is saved by what is really nothing other than an extraordinarily ingenious and positively brilliant piece of stage-trickery, the abstraction of that same packet of letters from the pocket of a fur-coat and the substitution of a bundle of receipts. It had been most carefully and cleverly prepared for; when it happened it seemed completely natural; and yet it was, as a fact, nothing but stage-trickery, the kind of thing, at any rate, upon which, one feels, the great issues of life do not really hang. A less ingenious piece of trickery is the device which makes a woman write a note, in the hall apparently, to a man she has only just left upstairs, and a note which contained things that no sensible woman, even when in love, would be likely to put on paper. Whatever the proportion of things like these to the central ideas of a play, their very presence in it inclines one, and in this case quite unfairly, to put it down not as a piece of original observation and thought, but as a made-up thing, a thing inherited from playwrights of a superseded school.

Now it was very obvious that such things as these are not the things which came first in the author's mind as he wrote, not the things which really interested him. He was really interested in the delightful, indulgent father—brewer and baronet—whose hobby, whose idol, is his only son. How far will a father's love go? Is it, like a woman's, ready to go all lengths, to bear even undeserved shame and disgrace, for the sake of the idol? Mr. Bancroft's answer is: Yes, it is. There was something very attractive about this picture of Sir Henry Ballantyne, the devoted father, with all the little eccentricities and oddities of a man with an overmastering passion carefully noted and humorously displayed. Interwoven with this story of father and son is the story of the love of Lady Ben, an ill-treated and all but deserted wife, for young Harry Ballantyne. The effect on an unhappy woman of thirty-two (for that we learn in an amusing scene is Lady Ben's exact age) of the love of a really "nice" and honest boy of twenty-two—Mr. Bancroft was clearly interested in that, and he has painted Lady Ben's passion with great sympathy, delicacy and insight. But then again he has had to fight with his preoccupations. When Harry Ballantyne, as boys will, sees a new pretty

girl, who happens to be, for him, *the* girl, and falls straight-way in love with her, it is not Lady Ben's feelings and thoughts to which the attention of the audience is directed so much as the contrivances for the *dénouement*. A scene in which Lady Ben explains to her friend what she feels passes almost unnoticed because we know that Sir Henry Ballantyne is coming every moment to see her, and that her husband is in the house, waiting to catch them together in circumstances which have been engineered with no end of cleverness to make the pair look guilty of an intrigue. There again Mr. Bancroft's ingenuity—his theatrical inheritance—has been a little too strong for him.

It is a strange and peculiarly interesting case. Mr. Bancroft was born with what it takes other people years of work to acquire—the "sense" and the craft of the theatre. He has ideas, too, in plenty, and no lack of humour, and the story of his dramatic development will be the story of the adjustment of his ideas with his stage-craft; of his desire to treat his characters as men and women, with his inherited temptation to treat them in the Scribe manner, as pieces of wood to be fitted together in a puzzle. Clever and thoughtful as *Lady Ben* is, it seems to show that the adjustment is not yet complete. When it is, we shall have a sterling playwright.

Lady Ben was not, in one respect, very fortunate in its actors. Miss Darragh, who played the leading part, has no little charm and emotional expressiveness, but she lacks force, weight and personality. She was hardly strong enough to stand up against the Sir Henry Ballantyne, on the whole an admirable performance, of Mr. J. D. Beveridge, and the Sir Benjamin Allix of Mr. Frank Cooper. Mr. Charles Maude brings a popular name and an unaffected, pleasant manner to start him in what we hope will be a successful career, and in Miss Betty Callish, who played the French maid in the piece, the stage has gained from Mr. Tree's Academy a very pretty, bright and intelligent *soubrette*.

FINE ART

MR RACKHAM'S COLOUR DRAWINGS

It was Kipling (was it not?) who once said, "To write a child's book, to write a book that will truly please children—ah! that is something worth doing." And to illustrate a child's book, to illustrate it in a way that will truly please children, that is another thing worth doing. For the Child is no mean critic, nor a lenient. If the drawings in her fairy book are displeasing to the nursery princess, she will make no allowances for the illustrator. Her father, a man of superior culture and intellect, may appreciate the fact that the illustrator has "studied the best models," may recognise here the influence of Durer, there the influence of Japan; but these considerations weigh not at all with his little daughter who less learnedly, but assuredly not less effectually, criticises the artist's work with her queries: "What's that meant for?"—"What is he doing?"

Such questions rarely rise to the lips of children so fortunate as to possess a book illustrated by Mr. Arthur Rackham. In their stead we hear delighted murmurings: "Oh! look at this funny old woman!" "Did you ever see such a nose?" For Mr. Rackham is as keenly interested in noses as Mr. Shandy. It is in his treatment of this prominent feature that he finds vent for his most mirth-provoking talent. The other afternoon at the Leicester Galleries, where Mr. Rackham's illustrations to "Rip van Winkle" are now being shown, little ripples of laughter broke forth spontaneously from the grown-up children who were looking at the drawings. And what made their laughter so eloquent a testimonial to Mr. Rackham's art was that to provoke it no reference to the catalogue was necessary. The humour of Mr. Rackham's drawing is intrinsic; it does not depend on the text like a sketch in some "comic" paper which requires two or three lines of

type for the elucidation of the joke. In the humorous illustrations to "Rip Van Winkle"—and all, it should be noted, are not humorous nor intended to be so—the fun is there independent of all externals, in the expressions and attitudes of the quaint little gnomes and elves. Indeed, of Mr. Rackham, as of Rossetti, it might be said that "he draws just what he chooses, taking from his author's text nothing more than a hint and an opportunity." We can read this determination in the very lines which the artist has selected for illustration. Occasionally, it is true, we find him taking from the text some such well-defined action as "He would sit on a wet rock and fish all day." And when this is the case the drawing will be efficient rather than *épatant*. But more often he chooses some indefinite phrase which gives the greatest possible scope to his inventive powers, and it is in illustrating these that he shows his varied gifts to the greatest advantage. "The Kaatskill mountains had always been haunted by strange beings" . . . "Their visages too were peculiar" . . . "He preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favour": these are the lines which inspire him to his happiest compositions and his most telling imaginative conceptions.

How charmingly he depicts old Rip "making friends among the rising generation!" In one corner of the drawing the old man sits in his chair, leaning forward, gesticulating, the firelight, coming from the direction of the spectator, throwing his shadow grotesquely upon the wall; in the other corner a group of children sit nestled at his feet, completing the balance and continuing the rhythm of the composition. In some ways this is the most arresting of Mr. Rackham's illustrations, for the lighting, arrangement and character of the drawing are handled with consummate skill. It is intensely dramatic too, and the shadow introduces a touch of that grotesqueness in which the artist excels. But his inventiveness, shown subtly here in the lighting and arrangement, is more obviously visible when he deals with the "strange beings" who haunt the Kaatskill mountains. Far away now from the world of the real, no limit is set to his creative whimsicality, and he can people "these fairy mountains" with the weirdest and most grotesque creatures which his brain can conceive. And here, perhaps, Mr. Rackham most clearly shows his rare discretion and self-control; for though indulging his fancy to the full he is careful not to overstep the narrow boundary line which separates the grotesque from the repulsive. There are draughtsmen who, endeavouring to amuse children, merely frighten and repel them. Mr. Rackham is not of their company, and though he shows us sights which frighten Rip Van Winkle, the nursery connoisseur will not share his alarm.

To insist on the attractiveness to children of Mr. Rackham's drawings is not to belittle his art. On the contrary, in art, as in literature, the difficulty is not in coming down but in coming up to the level of the nursery. To compete for its favour with the "Arabian Nights," "Grimm's Fairy Tales" and "Alice in Wonderland" is to aim at classic rank; at what in this transient existence we call immortality. It is because of this that one fears lest Mr. Rackham should be led astray into catering for grown-ups, lest he should take adults too seriously and children not seriously enough. One grows suspicious at his appearance in an *édition de luxe*. His work is certainly worthy of reproduction with all possible honours, but . . . One thinks of the Caldecotts of days long past, and wishes to see "Rip Van Winkle" in some such format, that may be dirtied, and prized, and loved.

No, Mr. Rackham is too good to be taken from the child by the book-collector, from the nursery into the library. At present his art shows no signs of deterioration, rather of increased concentration and strength. But in these days of limited editions there is always a fear: a fear not that his illustrated works should become scarce, but that his illustrations should become more elaborate, more complicated, and so lose that simplicity and directness which form so great a part of their present charm, qualities which

a child audience imperiously demands, qualities never found wanting in great art.

A little colour is a dangerous thing, and the transition from pure black and white to colour is ever perilous to the draughtsman. Mr. Rackham, who won his spurs in pure line work, has accomplished the passage very successfully and shows himself as versatile in colour as in line. He will paint you landscapes in pure water-colour, mediæval figure subjects in body colour, tinted drawings like these "Rip Van Winkle" illustrations, all soundly executed and pleasant to behold. But here again he must beware of elaboration, more especially when he is working for reproduction. It is a charming convention, this pen-and-ink outline with slight washes of colour, but its charm is largely dependent on its simplicity. For purposes of reproduction flat washes are desirable and the purer the colour the better for the reproduction. Subtleties of modelling are apt to be lost in the process, when the final result is less pleasing than that produced by simple contours. When an artist is working expressly for reproduction it is always a doubtful compliment to say that the original is better than the reproduction. In the originals the colour is always pleasant and has often a sombre mysteriousness well suited to the subject. Consequently it may be urged that the process and not Mr. Rackham should be blamed for any imperfections in the reproductions, and to this one can only reply that an artist never errs in remembering the limitations of his art, and that when he is working for reproduction in colour he must consider the possibilities and limitations of that medium, and work with an eye not only to the original but to the reproduction. Mr. Rackham is too accomplished an artist not to be aware of these facts, and from the very variety of styles in this series of colour drawings one may imagine that he is still experimenting with this newest and least known of media. One can only wonder respectfully at his varied accomplishments, accomplishments which show grace and beauty as well as humour and invention, and finally congratulate him on the success of his experiments.

ART SALES

A MINIATURE oval portrait of Dryden was sold by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge on March 23 for £20 10s. At the same sale 63 French engravings, by Cochin, Coppel, and others, were sold for £76; 200 of Hogarth's engravings, collected in 1772 by Dr. Ducarel, £25, and 87 drawings in water-colour and pencil made for Howitt's books on natural history, &c., £35 10s.

At Christie's on March 24 a pair of Old Worcester circular bowls, painted with fan ornaments in colours and gold in the Japanese taste, fetched 18 guineas; a set of three oviform vases and covers and two beakers in Old Nankin, 75 guineas; a pair of cylindrical vases in Old Nankin, 180 guineas; a pair of bottles in Old Nankin, 30 guineas; a vase and cover in Old Nankin, 46 guineas, and a set of three oviform vases and two beakers, 100 guineas. A Louis XVI. clock by D'Heilly of Paris in ormolu case on marble plinth sold for 64 guineas, and a German seventeenth-century agate bowl, silver-mounted and part enamelled and painted, 59 guineas.

On Monday last Messrs. Christie's sales included a gold snuff-box with miniature by G. Engleheart, 56 guineas; and the following miniatures: Lady G. Fitzpatrick (G. Engleheart), 56 guineas; Sir Elijah Impey (John Smart), 39 guineas; Lady Jane Murray (G. Engleheart), 42 guineas; Maria Countess of Coventry, 38 guineas; Master Fielding (Plimer), 42 guineas; Mrs. Daniell, wife of James Daniell, Governor of Masulipatam, 56 guineas; and Madame Récamier (Augustin), 120 guineas. A pair of Manton pistols, circa 1784, fetched 20 guineas, and a pair of duelling pistols by A. V. Leheda of Prague, 1833, from the Duke of Cambridge's collection, 36 guineas.

On Tuesday last Messrs. Christie sold the Bishop of Turro's choice and complete collection of engravings after Sir T. Lawrence; many of which had been presented by Lawrence to the owner's father. A proof of Master Lambton, by Samuel Cousins, first state, fetched 220 guineas, a record price. Other engravings by Cousins were: Lady Acland and family, presentation proof, 90 guineas; Countess of Blessington, 41 guineas; the Calmady Children, 35 guineas; Lady Harriet Clive, 31 guineas; Miss Rosamund Croker, 86 guineas; Lady Dover and Child, proof before letters, 150 guineas; Harriet Countess Gower and her Child, whole length, first state, 155 guineas; the same, engraver's proof before letters, 105 guineas; Lady Grey and Children, similar proof, 115 guineas; Elizabeth Countess Grosvenor, similar proof, 78 guineas; Miss Julia Peel, whole length, as a child, proof before letters, 62 guineas;

Lady Peel, proof before letters, 82 guineas; the Right Hon. William Pitt, proof before letters, 52 guineas; Richard, Marquis of Wellesley, 25 guineas; and Arthur Duke of Wellington, 20 guineas. By G. Clint: The Masters Antrobus, whole length, 27 guineas; Mrs. Jessop, 40 guineas. By J. Ward, R.A.: Sir Francis Baring, with Mr. C. Baring and Mr. Wall, 56 guineas. By J. R. Smith: J. P. Curran, 30 guineas. By C. Turner: Marchioness of Exeter, proof before letters, 42 guineas; the same, engraver's proof, 90 guineas; Mrs. Stratton, 40 guineas. By F. Bartolozzi: Miss Farren, in stipple, proof before letters in bistre, 76 guineas.

SCIENCE

A BELATED EXPOSURE

MEDICINE is one of the most difficult of the sciences—rivalled only by sociology in this regard—and it dates from the non-scientific era. It has a history of centuries as an art for every year that it can boast as a science. For these and other reasons—such as the notorious necessity for “bluff,” “putting a bold face on it,” “gaining the patient's confidence,” and the like—physicians of the past have ever been ranked amongst the dogmatists: this in spite of their compendious ignorance and incessant retractions, mutual contradictions and even self-contradictions. It was part of their business to ape omniscience, a proceeding which pays as well to-day as ever in the past. If there was any subject of which they knew less than another—though, indeed, I doubt whether the assumption is justified—it was the action of drugs on the normal body: and conspicuously was this true of the actions of alcohol. Now it is the peculiarity of this compound that all the indications which it appears to furnish to empiricism and superficiality are falsified by serious and systematic study. Nevertheless our professional forefathers held certain beliefs and inculcated them into a willing audience. The laity—small blame to it—holds those beliefs almost without reservation to-day: but experimental pharmacology, supported by every other relevant branch of modern science—experimental psychology, clinical medicine, the study of insanity, criminology and a host besides—now repudiates them. Thus it comes about that though the first gropings for the truth did not proceed from the medical profession—which thus resembles all other institutions and authorities and established things—and though the first few medical men who, sixty years ago, stood up against alcohol and lies, were laughed at and branded, like the worthy of all ages, as cranks, yet recently some fifteen thousand doctors presented a petition to the Government, praying that the truth about alcohol be taught in our schools, whilst the leaders of the profession in this and every other country have declared themselves against alcohol—erstwhile the vaunted panacea—and last week there was held in London a medical conference, presided over by the King's physician, at which it was resolved that the profession must set its shoulder to the almost superhuman task of educating the Board of Education in this matter. I have been itching to write about this subject in the ACADEMY since my first opportunity twenty-seven months ago, and my only excuse for what may fairly be impugned as a dereliction of a positive and imperative duty is that it was necessary, in the first place, to establish a presumption that the writer was neither a fanatic nor pecuniarily interested in the matter. It is still widely believed that no one can write against alcohol without one or other of these antecedents, and I have even heard it declared that the interest of one of our foremost students of the question—Mr. Joseph Rowntree of York—is due to the fact that he has a pecuniary concern with a rival beverage. Some of us, who have the honour of Mr. Rowntree's acquaintance and have read his famous book, may be excused for the contempt which such insinuations inspire in us. Further, we may be excused for despising the methods by which we are governed when we remember the pronouncements on this subject to which the names of our leading politicians are attached,

and which are left in indecent obscurity so soon as their partisan value is seen to be dubious. With the attitude of the English politician and publicist we may contrast that of their French brethren, who are now conducting a magnificent campaign against one of the most hideous evils of the day.

My present concern is not with the sociological aspects of the question, though they are as truly scientific as any other. It is for others, who speak with greater weight, to combat the absurd delusion that the appetite for alcohol is unlike all other phenomena in being a first cause, and not itself a consequence of many fell causes. But leaving this, and merely remarking that there is no physician of my acquaintance that does not use alcohol in his practice, and quoting Sir Thomas Barlow's opinion of last Friday—how weighty only the initiate can know—that he would not care to be without alcohol in cases of collapse, I pass to the purely pharmacological aspects of the question.

Perhaps the most intelligible and certain of the pharmacological actions of alcohol is that it is a certain reducer of the temperature. It is such in virtue of two actions. In the first place, it increases the stability of the compound in which oxygen is carried in the blood. The red colouring-matter of the blood—hæmoglobin—normally forms a loose compound with the oxygen which it acquires in its passage through the lungs; and this compound, oxy-hæmoglobin, is readily broken up when the blood reaches tissues avid of oxygen. Then oxidation and consequent production of heat can take place. But alcohol, in some unknown manner, increases the stability of oxy-hæmoglobin, thereby lessening combustion, lowering the temperature, and tending to the familiar accumulation of superfluous tissue so characteristic of the beer-drinker.

The second manner in which alcohol lowers the temperature has led to the almost universal delusion that it “keeps one warm.” The drug paralyses the muscular tissue of the blood-vessels of the skin, so that they dilate and flood the sensitive surface with warm blood. This action necessarily cools the blood, whilst making the skin feel warmer. In this, as in other matters, our judgments tend to be superficial; our wisdom but skin-deep.

The most important property of alcohol is, of course, its action on the nervous system; in which its presence can be detected after death when there is no trace of it elsewhere. Here it is of interest to observe that the drug which is so universally abused as a stimulant, is used by the physician as a sedative. In fevers it is alike one of the most valuable of foods, of febrifuges, and of hypnotics.

The most characteristic action of alcohol on the consciousness is its heightening of the “organic sense of well-being,” and its weakening of the powers of inhibition, that is to say, of the control exercised by the higher centres upon the lower. Whoso knows the rôle of inhibition in cricket, and the outer and inner history of the Yorkshire eleven since Lord Hawke has controlled it, will appreciate this fact. But it is the remarkable fact that alcohol weakens the mental power in normal conditions; a marked contrast to the action of coffee. Numerous experiments in psychological laboratories have shown that whilst the subject imagines that he is adding up the column of figures or solving the equation with exceptional ease and rapidity, he is actually taking longer than usual, and with a larger number of errors. One is tempted to speculate on the explanation of this fact, but the whole question of the sense of ease, well-being, and efficiency, with its disorders, is too long for present discussion.

Of course it is not possible to condense a text-book into a brief article; and I have merely been able to offer two or three facts for consideration. If one left the pharmacology of alcohol to consider its pathological effects it would be to write a treatise on pathology and insanity. But I would rather omit further details, and consider the general issues. The facts I have stated are disputed by no competent person. They are to be found rehearsed at length in any modern text-book in any language—whatever the personal habits of the author, whether he be Hedonist or fanatic. They have

now been familiar for many years, and are acted upon by competent physicians everywhere. If the reader should wonder how it is that the modern teaching so entirely contradicts that of the past, I would refer him to the former non-existence of the pharmacological or experimental method. Should he think—bless him!—that this *volte-face* of the doctors is unique, I will give him a parallel instance—relatively trivial, but instructive. Foxglove, or digitalis, the most valuable and universally used of cardiac stimulants, which every one of us is assuredly destined to take some day, unless he be hanged or drowned, was introduced and used for decades as a cardiac sedative in supposed cases of over-action. The reason was that it *slows the pulse*. Pharmacology has now shown that it owes its strengthening action on the heart-beat to this very fact which was once taken as the index to its weakening power! This, too, was a surface-judgment.

The main question raised is involved in the appearance of this article. If I cudgelled my memory for the data and wrote an unoriginal article on the life of King Henry VIII., no editor would print it. For me solemnly to inform the reader that that redoubtable monarch had six wives would be an impertinence which would never pass the editor's table. The details of Henry's life are essentially nugatory: they are no more than glorified gossip, illustrating no principle, confuting no error, unveiling no truth which any one may not observe in the course of his daily round. But it is possible for me, without a spark of originality, to recite commonplace facts which are to be found in any primer, which do illustrate principles, the neglect of which blights millions of human lives and personally affects every inhabitant of these islands; and yet to insult nobody. I am happy to think that no one will be paid for writing such an article as this fifty years hence—when we have educated our educators.

C. W. SALEEBY.

MUSIC

A MODERN SYMPHONY

[A Symphony by Sir Hubert Parry, performed by Mr. Charles Williams and the London Symphony Orchestra.]

ON March 21, the third of an interesting series of concerts given by Mr. Charles Williams and the London Symphony Orchestra took place at Queen's Hall. This was the last of the set as originally advertised, but probably all who were present noted with pleasure that the programme of a fourth to take place on April 7 was sketched out on the last page of the analytical programme of this concert. Mr. Williams is at present little known as a conductor in London and may in this connection be considered an amateur in the highest and most real sense of the word, since he undertakes these concerts from sheer love of the work. They are given by him, and the programmes, at any rate as far as the orchestral items are concerned, represent his own taste in music. When we see a set of programmes, of which the first begins with a suite by Bach and the third ends with a Symphony by Parry; when each concert includes important works by Brahms, the Symphonies in F and D, the "Tragic" Overture and Variations on a theme by Haydn; when the rest is made up of a rarely heard Symphony by Mozart and shorter specimens of the work of Haydn, Mendelssohn, Spohr, Weber and Dvořák, we can feel sure that we are in the hands of a true lover of the classics and prepare our minds for a more restful enjoyment than modern concert-givers often allow us. Nor are Mr. Williams' practical powers as a conductor unworthy of his task as a musician. Throughout, he conducted with the greatest care and reverence, and in the third concert he evidently profited well by the experience of the earlier concerts to add confidence and strength to his painstaking attention to detail. For this reason I was sorry that we heard the F major Symphony of Brahms, that bold and rugged giant, in the first concert; it would have come better later, but

as it would necessarily have turned the Parry Symphony out of the programme of the third, one cannot complain, since that work, being almost unknown to performers and audience alike, required all the mastery of an experienced conductor to make it successful in its effect. Mr. Williams must be congratulated on the result. Its reintroduction to a London audience was certainly the event of the concert and it is to be hoped that it will not be laid on the shelf for another period of eight years before it is heard again, but that it may now take a real and permanent place in the *répertoire* of the London Symphony Orchestra and in the hearts of the people. It suffers, however, from the too prevalent complaint of "programme." It is only natural that when Sir Hubert Parry was asked to write a Symphony for production at Cambridge, the thought of University life and all that it means to a young man should be uppermost in his mind and that consequently an atmosphere of high spirits, youthful enthusiasm and noble aspiration should pervade the work. Not only is it natural but right and inevitable, since music must make its appeal by being in sympathy with the tone of mind of the hearers. But the zealous analyst need hardly have wearied us with the details of undergraduate life in term and vacation which he has managed to append to the various sections of the work. The fact is that these qualities I have mentioned, this genial warmth of good spirits, this lofty aim and manly bearing, are not only the attributes of any hypothetical undergraduate, rather they are the qualities by which the composer of the Symphony is known and loved by all who are privileged to come into personal contact with him. If the Symphony is programme music, then it is autobiography; and it was the subject of the Symphony who was so hardly persuaded to step to the front of the dress-circle and bow acknowledgments when it was all over. It is just himself, and so ought to be loved and honoured by all with whom it is now the fashion to profess this ardent enthusiasm for English music about which we hear so much; an enthusiasm which like other patriotism often degenerates into mere "jingoism." Sir Edward Elgar, speaking at the new Birmingham University the other day, paid an eloquent and fitting tribute to one "whose name shall always be spoken of in this University with the deepest respect and affection, the head of our art in this country—Hubert Parry." Most people now admit that English music is a subject which Sir Edward Elgar understands, and therefore his words are worth quotation; and I give them since they may carry weight with some who have not yet taken the trouble to make a serious study of Sir Hubert Parry's music. But to return to the Symphony. The writer of the programme notes lays stress on two points, its "geniality" and "ingenuity." The first is apparent to all, the second, though true, does not protrude itself upon the attention; the music never becomes academic. There are perhaps places where the complexity of the score rather clouds the directness of the music and where the average listener gets a sensation that there is a great deal going on without quite knowing what, but such places are not frequent. The Symphony opens with a short introduction in F minor couched in the real Parry spirit of noble purpose, in which the interval of a rising sixth plays an important part. This is again used in the slow movement. The first Allegro which follows the introduction is full of life and spirit, for the most part direct and simple sounding, though it is really contrapuntally developed. In the later movements the points at which the note of inspiration sounded clearest were in the Trio of the Scherzo and in the slow movement. The theme of the first of these is a delightful duet between the clarinet and horn, most refreshing after the bustle and jollity of the earlier movement. The slow movement is always a special test of a composer's genius; it is so easy to become wearisome, so difficult to keep the interest sustained upon so exalted a level. It is like the much abused and rarely attained art of preaching. But here Parry rises to great heights and allows all the inward dignity of his nature to appear. The ending,

especially, is very beautiful and brought with it some of that repose of feeling which one experiences in listening to the slow movements of Beethoven and the great masters at their best. The finale is developed in a broad manner and works up to an exhilarating ending. It was here, however, that the complexity seemed a little tiring; but it was late and at the end of a long programme, so that it is probable that the tiredness was in the hearer, not made by the composer. My object has been to call attention to this fine work and to Mr. Williams' enterprise in reproducing it and generally in conducting these concerts. Were I attempting a report of the series there would be many things to mention, but I will only mention one in a few words and that is the extraordinary violin playing of the child Mischa Elman. There always seems something sad and unhealthy in these marvellous child performances, but nevertheless the power and mastery over the instrument which this boy possesses are something wonderful. He played Tchaikovsky's Concerto in D, which is a work containing almost every difficulty possible, and did so with the utmost assurance and ease. I cannot believe that the choice of this work was in accordance with Mr. Williams' taste, and it seems a pity to bring up a musical child on such a diet. It is neither milk for babes nor strong meat for men: rather it is a musical stimulant, pernicious for children, dangerous to adults. It was refreshing to hear the boy play a bit of Bach and the Beethoven Romance in G afterwards.

H. C. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

"JIM BLUDSO": A CORRECTION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—There are at least two bad mistakes in the quotations from Colonel John Hay's "Jim Bludso," which appear in your issue of to-day.

The first destroys the metre, the second annihilates the sense of the line in which it appears. The correct readings are:

Of the line—

"And her furnace crammed with rosin and pine."
"And her furnace crammed—rosin and pine."

Of the line—

"He seen his duty a dead sure thing."

the correct reading is—

"He'd seen his duty a dead sure thing."

With reference to the supposition that the author of these ballads wrote them as "skits on the dialect poems then current in America," I fancy this is only the case with one of the number—that entitled "The Mystery of Gilgal"—and in that case the skit is not so much upon the dialect as upon sentiment of the Western poems of that date, cf. Joaquin Miller *passim*—and the delightful parody of him—was it Lowell's?

"For I've killed most all folks who care for me,
And I'm just as lonely as I can be,
So pass the whisky—let's have a spree."

"Little Breeches" and "Jim Bludso" are, despite their note of exaggeration, genuine and sincere work—not conceived in any vein of parody, and it is a curious fact, for the truth of which I can vouch, that even in the England of to-day the latter poem, used as a recitation, rarely fails of its effect, and that too with the most dissimilar audiences.

Apologising for the length of this letter,

HARRY QUILTER.

March 25.

[Our contributor writes: I quoted the last stanza of "Jim Bludso" from the authorised edition of Mr. Hay's poems (London, John Lane; Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1897), revised by Mr. Hay himself. If Mr. Quilter will refer to this volume he will see that his memory has entirely misled him—that the text reads, "He seen his duty,"

not "He'd seen." With regard to the latter part of Mr. Quilter's letter, I cordially agree that both "Little Breeches" and "Jim Bludso" would be excellent for penny readings and similar entertainments, but what has that to do with their literary quality? Only Mr. Hay himself can say exactly what he had in his mind when he wrote these ballads, but I am so fortunate as to possess among my papers the following extract from the *New York Times* of September 25, 1898: "His (Mr. Hay's) production of 'The Wreck of the *Prairie Belle*' and 'Little Breeches' has been explained as the outcome of a desire to parody in a spirit of fun some of Bret Harte's dialect poems. He wrote a few poems of that kind in the expectation that they would be read in the same spirit in which they were written, and, after causing a little amusement, would be forgotten. His friends say he was greatly surprised to find that they were accepted by the public seriously as productions of literary merit." The authoritative character of the literary columns of the *New York Times* is beyond question.]

[We have to add that the mistake in the first line criticised by Mr. Quilter was not our contributor's doing.—THE EDITOR.]

ENGLISH WORDS IN ITALY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The author of a note in your issue of March 18 ascribes the Italian use of the word "raid" to the Jameson incident. The word was used in French long before the Jameson raid was thought of. It never did mean raid—and does not now—but is apparently a phonetic spelling of the English word "ride"—raid being as near as a Frenchman can get to our diphthongal rendering of the third vowel. The word is chiefly used to denote a long ride—say 100 miles—as a trial of strength and endurance of horse and man, but entirely without any idea of what is called a raid in English. I have seen it used for long bicycle rides, &c., in the sporting press, but the separation from the horse is quite modern.

"Smocking" is simply "smoking" (jacket), and is now the accepted word in France for the tail-less dinner jacket—vide any French tailor's advertisement. The garment, being a modern English invention, came across the Channel as a smoking (jacket), and "smoking" it has been ever since. Pronounce smo-kan(gue) as near as our alleged alphabet can express it.

March 22.

H. E. F.

MR. HARRISON'S "CHATHAM"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I quite agree with you that Mr. F. Harrison is not an ideal biographer of Lord Chatham. But may I call attention to a curious mistake in the book? Mr. Harrison says quite reasonably that Lord Chatham's peerage was not only well deserved, but quite according to precedent. And then he goes on:

"Peel and Gladstone are the only examples of Prime Ministers who at the end of their careers have rejected the honour on principle. William Pitt and Canning died in office quite young. Melbourne and Palmerston were peers."

Now no one would imagine from this that Lord Palmerston spent his whole career in the House of Commons, and died Prime Minister like Pitt and Canning. He was, of course, an Irish peer, but he never sat in the House of Lords like Lords Grey, Derby, Aberdeen, and Salisbury, as well as Lord Melbourne. It is also said that Addington, among others, "retired late in life to the Upper House." When Addington became Lord Sidmouth he was about ten years younger than Canning was when "he died in office quite young," and was afterwards Home Secretary for many years, and he survived his elevation about forty years.

March 25.

H. B. F.

THE CRESCENT STAR

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The "English astronomer" to whom Mr. John B. Tabb refers cannot be refuted. An ordinary star can never be seen within the cusps of the moon, since they of course embrace the dark remainder of the disc; but it is not

impossible that, by catching the sunrays before illumination of the lowland around, some tall lunar peak just within the terminator (*i.e.*, the mutual boundary of the bright and shaded areas) might give the effect of a "star" in this position.

With a telescope I have often observed this effect, not only "within the nether tip" but all along the line, so to say; though I am not sure that the phenomenon could be seen with the unaided eye.

It is difficult (for the present writer, at all events) to say what was the origin of the design to which Mr. Tabb directs notice.

The national flag of Turkey takes the form of a white "crescent" and star on a red ground; and that of Egypt a "crescent" and three stars, also on a red ground. The Byzantine origin of the Turkish emblem, in so far as the "crescent" is concerned, is well known—or may be found in any reference book—but I have not learned whence the Egyptians derived the device.

As a religious emblem the "crescent" evidently took its origin from moon-worship. Some pictures of the Madonna represent her with a "crescent" at the foot, and twelve stars above the head.

Maybe, in the "dust of systems and of creeds" the emblem—as with so much else originally Pagan—has insinuated itself into the Christian structure. The star is probably quite adventitious, put in to complete the design, and placed—with more regard for symmetry than actuality—midway between the cusps of the "crescent."

J. B. WALLIS.

THE FAILURE OF OPERA

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—With regard to your correspondent C's letter on opera we must distinguish, as the Italians say. No doubt Wagner in choosing mythological themes failed to see that what is fine as poetry will not bear representation on the stage, but this is not true of all such themes. Surely Glück's *Orfeo* and *Iphigenia* are admirable.

So in other ways are *Don Giovanni* (considered as it should be as music), *The Huguenots* and *Il Barbiere*, and many other grand operas might be named. It must however be admitted that the German taste for the romantic differs from English taste.

A German, a great admirer of Wagner, said to me, "You English do not care for the romantic," nor do we in the sense he meant. It is the choice of themes that is all important in the composition of opera. The Greek drama surely presents admirable themes.

H. D. BARCLAY.

MR. KIPLING'S TITLES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The sources of Mr. Kipling's titles make an interesting note. The origin of "Traffics and Discoveries" was new and delightful to me. May I add that the title "Many Inventions" comes from the Book of Ecclesiastes, vii. 29, "Lo this only have I found, that God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions."

Will some one discover "Life's Handicap" for us?

FRIDA WOLFE.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART.

Berenson, Bernhard. *Lorenzo Lotto. An Essay in Constructive Art Criticism.* Revised edition, with sixty-four illustrations. Bell, 7s. 6d. net. (See p. 368.)

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Notes from a Diary, 1896 to January 23, 1901. By the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff, G.C.S.I., F.R.S. Murray. Two Vols., 18s. (See page 356.)

Coke, The Hon. Henry J. *Tracks of a Rolling Stone.* With a portrait. Smith, Elder, 10s. 6d. net.
Gray, Joseph William. *Shakespeare's Marriage: his departure from Stratford and other incidents in his life.* Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d. net. (See p. 357.)
Wildman, W. B. *Life of S. Ealdhelm, first Bishop of Sherborne.* Chapman & Hall, 2s. 6d. net.
Vignaud, Henry. *Vie de Colomb.* Paris: H. Wetter, 10f.
Tighe, Harry. *A Queen of Unrest. The Story of Juana of Castile, Mother of Charles V.* Born 1479, died 1555. Swan Sonnenschein, 6s.

CLASSICAL.

Aristotle's Politics. Translated by Benjamin Jowett, With Introduction, analysis and index by H. W. C. Davis, M.A. Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d.

FICTION.

Croker, B. M. *The Old Cantonment. With other stories of India and elsewhere.* Methuen, 6s.
Roosevelt, Florence. *The Siren's Net. A Novel transcribed from life.* Unwin, 6s.
Graham, Winifred. *Wickedness in High Places.* White, 6s.
Leaf, A. *A Maid at large.* Eveleigh Nash, 6s.
Rawson, Maud Stepney. *Tales of Kye Town.* Constable, 6s.
Glanville, Ernest. *A Rough Reformer.* Constable, 6s.
Hamilton, Cosmo. *Duke's Son.* Heinemann, 6s. (See p. 367.)
St. Clair, William. *Bendish.* Swan Sonnenschein, 6s.
Rouse, Adelaide L. *The Letters of Theodora.* The Macmillan Co., 6s.
"Iota." *Patricia: A Mother.* Hutchinson, 6s.
Green, E. M. *Elizabeth Grey.* Blackwood, 6s. (See p. 367.)
Marsh, Richard. *A Spoiler of Men.* Chatto & Windus, 6s. (See p. 367.)
Torriani, Rassac. *The Pains of Happiness.* Elliot Stock, 6s.

HISTORY.

Bradley-Birt, F. B. *The Story of an Indian Upland.* With twenty illustrations and a Map and an Introduction by the Hon. H. H. Risley, Home Secretary to the Government of India. Smith Elder, 12s. 6d.
Parnell, Col. The Hon. Arthur. *The War of the Succession in Spain during the Reign of Queen Anne, 1702-1711.* Based on original Manuscripts and contemporary Records. New edition. Bell, 7s. 6d. net.
Maude, Aylmer. *A Peculiar People. The Doukhobors.* With illustrations. Constable, 6s. net.
Goodspeed, George Stephen, Ph. D., Professor of Ancient History in the University of Chicago. *A History of the Ancient World, with illustrations, Maps, and Plans.* Constable, 7s. 6d. net.
Mason, Arthur James, D.D. *The Historic Martyrs of the Primitive Church.* Longmans, 10s. 6d. net.
Select Documents illustrative of the History of the French Revolution. The Constituent Assembly. Edited by L. G. Wickham Legg, M.A. Two Vols. Clarendon Press, 12s. net.

LITERATURE.

Dhaléine, L. *N. Hawthorne: Sa Vie et son Œuvre.* Thèse pour le doctorat soutenue devant la faculté des lettres de l'Université de Paris. Paris: Hachette. (See p. 359.)
Dhaléine, L. *A Study on Tennyson's "Idyls of the King."* Paris: Facedouel.

PHILOSOPHY.

Whitby, Charles J. *The Logic of Human Character.* Macmillan, 3s. 6d. net.
Barlow, George. *The Higher Love, a Plea for a Nobler Conception of Human Love.* Fifeild, 6d. net. (See p. 368.)
McDougall, W. *Physiological Psychology.* Dent, 1s. net.

REPRINTS.

Tales from Shakespeare, by Charles and Mary Lamb. With illustrations by Byam Shaw. Bohn's Standard Library, 1s. 6d. net. (See p. 368.)
The Diary of Samuel Pepys, M.A., F.R.S., Clerk of the Acts and Secretary to the Admiralty. Transcribed by the late Rev. Mynors Bright, M.A., from the Shorthand Manuscript in the Pepysian Library, Magdalene College, Cambridge. Edited with additions by Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A. Vols. VII. and VIII. Bell, 5s. net each.
Beaconsfield, The Earl. *Sybil, or the Two Nations.* With an Introduction by the Earl of Iddesleigh. The New Pocket Library. Lane, 1s. 6d. net.
Rose, Mary. *The Women of Shakespeare's Family.* Lane, 1s. net.
Mérimeé, Prosper. *Colomba.* Préface de M. Augustin Filon. Dent, 1s. 6d. net.
Chaucer, Geoffrey. *Anelida and Arcite.* Cambridge University Press, 10s. 6d. net.
Augustini Dacti Libellus. Cambridge University Press, 10s. 6d. net.
Steele, Robert. *Mediaeval Lore, from Bartholomew Anglicus.* With preface by William Morris. The De la More Press, 1s. 6d. net.
De Lahontan, Baron. *New Voyages to North America.* Reprinted from the English edition of 1703, with facsimiles of original title-pages, maps, and illustrations, and the addition of Introduction, Notes and Index. By Reuben Gold Thwaites. LL.D. 2 Vols. Chicago: McClurg, \$7.50 net.

SCIENCE.

Sedgwick, Adam, M.A., F.R.S. *A Student's Text-Book of Zoology.* Vol. II. Swan Sonnenschein
Macpherson, Hector, Jun. *Astronomers of to-day and their Work.* With twenty-seven portraits. Gall & Inglis, 7s. 6d. net.

TRAVEL.

Waddell, L. Austine, LL.D., C.B. *Lhasa and its Mysteries.* With a record of the Expedition of 1903-1904. With 200 illustrations and maps. Murray, 25s. net.
De Séincourt, Beryl D. *Homes of the First Franciscans in Umbria, the borders of Tuscany, and the northern Marches.* With 13 illustrations from photographs. Dent, 4s. 6d. net.
Smith, Alexander. *A Summer in Skye.* Nimmo, Hay & Mitchell, 2s. 6d. net.

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NOTTINGHAM - Prudential Bldgs.
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SHEFFIELD - 72 Queen Street
SOUTHAMPTON - 12 Portland Street